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The Shape of Things

ALL AMERICANS TOOK PRIDE IN THE FIRST bombing of Japan by B-29 Superfortresses based on Saipan, and well they might. Turning bomb-pocked Aslito airdrome into a Superfortress base in five months will undoubtedly stand as one of the great engineering achievements of the war, and the sending from that base of the huge, clean-limbed bombers against Tokyo is a sure portent of heavier trouble looming for Japan. However, that trouble will probably not materialize in force for some time: the B-29, like any new weapon, has many bugs still to be ironed out, and the B-29 force based in the China-Burma-India theater has carried out only seventeen missions since its shakedown run early in June against Bangkok. But the closing of this long-range aerial pincers has deep significance. The Tokyo region, with its population of more than 15,000,000 and with its surrounding chain of industrial cities providing Japan with the sinews of war, is under attacks which will certainly increase in scope and frequency as the base on Saipan is built up and as the number of B-29's grows. Saipan is closer to Tokyo than is Chengtu, corresponding base on the other side of the pincers; moreover, Saipan is not even remotely threatened by advancing Japanese troops, and is far easier to supply. Japan is still producing more aircraft than our forces are destroying in the air and on the ground, but that favorable balance should decline rapidly once the Twenty-first Bomber Command moves into high gear with concentrated attacks on Tokyo's neighboring aircraft plants.

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THE BITTER BATTLE ON LEYTE CONTINUES, despite typhoons and drenching rain. The Japanese are fighting hard and apparently as well as usual, reinforced by several thousand troops who were landed subsequent to General MacArthur's unfortunate communiqué claiming that organized resistance on the island had virtually ceased. The United States Navy has also done some back-tracking in recent weeks: the first flush of enthusiasm over the great victory of the Second Battle of the Philippine Sea has paled a little with the realization that the enemy still has a respectable fleet at his disposal—a fleet which is top-heavy in capital ships and very short on screening forces such as destroyers but still a force to be reckoned with. Consequently the fighting in the Philippines has taken a peculiar and unexpected turn; our forces are actually waging war of attrition on the Japanese, who are suffering heavy losses through their determination to fight it out on Leyte. Although our naval and air forces do not have control over the sea lanes between the islands and Japan, those lanes are not at all safe; but they are short. Our supply lines, on the other hand, are safe, but they are

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very long. So the communications problems are close to equal: and at the end of them two armies are slugging it out with one another. Air-power tips the balance in our favor, however, and already some 17,000 Japanese have been drowned or killed in our successful attacks on reinforcing convoys.

*

THE CIVIL AVIATION CONFERENCE APPEARS TO be ending its labors on a note of diplomatic harmony that conceals gigantic failure. B. T. Richardson's story in the current issue, based upon three weeks' close observation of the Chicago meeting, bears out the worst forebodings of Mr. Bolté's article of two weeks ago. The achievements of the conference in matters of technical agreement fall far short of the goals set, not by immediate national interests, but by the demands of the air age into which we have entered. It is poor comfort to the peoples of the world, who above all else pray for security, that the smooth arrogance of Mr. Berle was matched by the unyielding correctness of Lord Swinton. Peace cannot emerge as a compromise between American expansionism and Brtish conservatism. It will come only when international order is seen to be the condition of national security. But the conference under American leadership rejected all proposals that an international air authority should be invested with power. In postwar air competition, the sky's the limit.

*

SECRETARY HULL'S RESIGNATION WAS EXPECTED. His serious illness has made it appear inevitable for weeks past that he would have to retire in order to recuperate and then, if possible, assume some lighter task at a later date. The President's statement, made public just as we go to press, included no announcement of Mr. Hull's successor—a problem which has been a chief preoccupation in Washington ever since the Secretary of State fell ill. Liberals near the President have urged the appointment of Mr. Wallace or, as an alternative, Ambassador Winant or even Mr. Stettinius. None of these, however, seems likely. It is known that the President wants a Secretary of State who can "get on with Congress," i. e., a man who can guide the world security plan through the Senate with a minimum of friction. The report that seems most widely credited is that Mr. Roosevelt will select Mr. Byrnes. His present role as Director of War Mobilization and "assistant President" has given him the prestige necessary to sustain such an appointment, and Mr. Roosevelt thinks well of his general ability. Whatever may be the strategic excuses for such a choice, it would be a disaster from every other point of view. Byrnes is reactionary, and his experience of foreign affairs is negligible. He is unknown in other countries. If ever America needed a man of stature and international standing as Secretary of State, it is today. Byrnes does not measure up.

*

THE CABLED STORY BY GEROLD FRANK IN THIS week's issue gives sharp definition to a picture that has been badly blurred in the daily press. The assassination of Lord Moyne was a blow struck at the Zionist movement far more than at the British government. The government can replace even the most valued civil servant. The cause of Jewish Palestine is seriously wounded just at the moment when it needed all the strength it could muster. Opponents of Zionism have used this act of terrorism as a pretext for attacking the whole structure of Jewish effort in Palestine, while even Winston Churchill, who has been counted a friend despite his government's hostile attitude, laid upon the Jewish people of Palestine the responsibility for putting down the terrorists. They are trying to do so, as Gerold Frank reports. But the fact is that as long as Britain rules in Palestine, and as long as Jews are not allowed arms even to defend themselves, the Jewish community cannot be held responsible for maintaining order or blamed for the acts of any criminal, be he Jew or Gentile. Dr. Chaim Weizmann, now in Jerusalem, has said that his grief over the death of Lord Moyne was even greater than that occasioned by the loss of his son, a young flier in the British Air Force. This poignant statement is easy to believe. Dr. Weizmann is both a Jewish leader and a British patriot, and no man realizes more profoundly the tragedy that faces Palestine today. Jews all over the world are celebrating Dr. Weizmann's seventieth birthday this week. We join in tribute to one of the great statesmen and democrats of our time, and we hope he may be given the years and the courage to tackle the difficulties that lie ahead.

*

THE ITALIAN CRISIS WILL NOT BE RESOLVED even if Signor Bonomi comes back with a reformed Cabinet. The issues lie deeper than that. They are the result of a conflict between the truly progressive forces, to whom liberation means not only the expulsion of the Germans but the complete destruction of the political and economic basis of fascism, and the conservative elements, who believe in maintaining the pre-war social order. Even as good a friend of Prince Umberto's as Herbert L. Matthews realizes that. "One of the political questions of the greatest importance in all Europe," he wrote in the New York *Times* on November 27, "is the part that the Left is going to play." And, further: "No strong government can be formed in Italy without the Communists and Socialists, and, if they abstain now, it would be only to await the liberation of northern Italy." As to the immediate solution of the present ministerial deadlock, two men have been mentioned to succeed Signor Bonomi in case he does not succeed in forming a ministry: Count Carlo Sforza and Signor Vittorio Emanuele Orlando. Orlando is the favorite of the Vatican and of certain high officials in the Allied agencies in Rome. Sforza seems to have the support of the Left. An Orlando Cabinet, with the possible inclusion of Marshal Badoglio, would simply aggravate the crisis.

*

WHENEVER GERMAN RESISTANCE STIFFENS, THE Spanish Phalangist heart beats with renewed hope. On November 22 a Spanish overseas broadcast expressed the belief that the German High Command was "enticing" the Allied forces "on to a previously prepared battleground in order to try their annihilation through combat, which will frighten the whole world." To Ambassador Hayes that may sound

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simply like a military opinion, a bit mistaken, perhaps, but in itself not necessarily unfriendly to the United Nations. But what about the rebuke to the British for sinking the Tirpitz? "The Tirpitz," said the Spanish radio, "was playing an important part in placing difficulties in the way of a Russian invasion of northern Norway. British aircraft has eliminated the main obstacle against the arrival at the fjords of Stalin hordes, driven by an imperialism unprecedented in history. We do not understand it." We understand still less why the American government does not break off diplomatic relations with Madrid once and for all and leave Franco alone in his grief for the "beautiful Tirpitz."

*

IS THE *READER'S DIGEST* A MIRROR OF CURRENT American opinion? In raising the question the magazine and newspaper committee of the National Council of Teachers of English has performed a useful service. And the hysterical efforts of Dr. Angela Broening, president of the National Council, to have its report suppressed seem completely unjustified even by normal academic standards. The report contained no conclusions and no recommendations but it brought into the open the fact that the *Reader's Digest* is in the main not a "digest" at all but a staff-planned publication whose editorial policy influences not only its own selection of articles but those of other magazines as well. The committee's analysis showed that approximately 45 per cent of the magazine's contents was not reprint but original material, fully a third of its contents was editorially planned by the *Digest* staff, and 19 per cent was actually prepared by the staff. To give the effect of presenting a cross-section of American thought, a substantial proportion of the hot-bed articles were planted in other periodicals first and were then "reprinted" by the *Digest*. The genuine reprint articles covered for the most part human-interest and scientific subjects; a very large proportion of the anti-labor, anti-Russian, and anti-New Deal articles were products of the *Digest's* office. No one will deny the *Digest's* right to plan and prepare such articles, any more than one would deny Dewitt Wallace the right to contribute $2,500 to the Republican National Committee. And alert English teachers will undoubtedly continue to use the *Digest's* controversial articles in their public-speaking and debating courses. None of them, however, will be fooled into believing that the *Digest* is impartial.

Canada's Crisis

THE crisis that Mr. MacKenzie King faced as he met the Canadian Parliament on a vote of confidence was only partly of his making. It stemmed from an ancient tension between two nations which together comprise Canada. This tension is most acute in time of war when the cultural foci of the two nations gravitate to opposite poles: the French Canadian is drawn more closely than ever to local loyalties in his Laurentian valleys, the English Canadian feels the quickened pull toward the British Commonwealth and responsibilities in the larger world.

It is useless to think in emotional terms about the "imperialism" of English Canadians or the "disloyalty" of French Canadians. Each group thinks of itself as loyal to Canada as each understands "Canada." Each group expresses strong cultural bias rooted deeply in its past. The critical problem of any wartime Canadian government is how to carry on the war effort with maximum strength and efficiency and at the same time prevent the intra-national tension reaching the breaking-point of civil strife. The problem is not made any easier by the fact that the English-speaking group is dominant, economically and politically.

Few of Mr. King's political enemies will venture any serious criticism of his direction of Canada's war effort. In all, this nation of twelve million has raised a fighting force of three-quarters of a million men. Its Air Training Scheme has supplied the majority of flyers not only for the R. C. A. F. but for the R. A. F. as well. Its navy, built from scratch, patrolled the North Atlantic sea lanes during the height of the submarine war. Its armies have fought bravely in some of the grimmest battles in Italy, France, Belgium, and Holland. On the home front, Canada has tapped the last reserves of civilian manpower in vastly increasing its industrial production to supply munitions for its own troops and for the Allied armies. Canada's war record will stand up alongside of that of any of the United Nations.

Mr. King has attempted to solve the problem of national unity by a series of compromises. Remembering the disastrous consequences of the conscription program put through over French protests by the Conservative Union government in the last war, Mr. King endorsed voluntary enlistment for overseas service: more than ninety per cent of Canada's forces have been raised in this way. Under the National Resources Mobilization Act about 70,000 have been drafted for service in Canada: a third of these are French. When two years ago a national plebiscite decided in favor of general selective service Mr. King accepted the principle but still refused to implement it until it became evident that the voluntary system would not meet the need of Canada's armed forces. Now, he has been pressed a step further by the resignation of his Minister of Defense, Colonel Ralston, on the issue of reinforcements to the heavily battered Canadian forces in Europe. General McNaughton, the new Defense Minister, an advocate of the voluntary system has informed Mr. King that his investigations have revealed that the infantry reinforcements required exceeded earlier estimates. Mr. King has, therefore, adopted an emergency conscription measure and by an order-in-council has drawn upon N.R.M.A. draftees to the extent of 16,000 men who will be needed for reinforcements within the next three months. But in general the voluntary system remains in force.

This time, it appears that the compromise has not worked. Riots have been reported in Quebec. Some of the drafted troops in Western Canada have demonstrated—in some cases coupling their demonstration with a demand for "conscription of wealth as well as manpower." In both camps, French-speaking and English-speaking, extremists appear to be gaining positions of leadership. At this writing it is not clear whether Mr. King will be able to hold his party together in the House on the motion of confidence: "That this House will aid the Government in its policy of maintaining a vigorous war." If he cannot do so a general election will be held.

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An election at this time and on such an ill-defined issue would appear to be a great misfortune. Mr. King may have many marks against him on account of his government's failure to educate French Canada on the meaning of the war and its ambiguous manpower mobilization program. But these mistakes are not going to be remedied by a knock-down, drag-out fight under extremist leadership. It would be tragic if, at this late date, the great war record of Canada were to be obscured by civil strife not wanted by the majority of French and English Canadians. One of its most serious consequences would be to accentuate reaction and set back the progressive trend in Canada which has received its most active leadership from the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation but which has found some expression in the post-war plans of Mr. King's government. The narrow autonomy of one race, or the domination of the other race, or a temporary compromise between the two is no real solution for an ancient problem. National unity in Canada will in the long run be achieved—as national unity in this country will be achieved—in terms of social objectives that meet the needs of the majority of all the people.

Bodyguard of Reaction

THE Allies seem once more to have constituted themselves the bodyguard of reaction. General Eisenhower used admirable methods in France, allowing the nation to settle its internal affairs without attempting to curb the explosive emotions of a population which hated Vichy collaborationists as much as the German invaders. In Belgium the Allied authorities have shown a different attitude. An Associated Press cable dated November 19 said, "In streets off the line of march Allied troops and armored cars were held in readiness with equipment for street barricades." Who was the enemy against whom the Allies were ready to throw the weight of a modern army? Not the Germans, making a surprise comeback, but 15,000 anti-fascists marching through the streets of Brussels and shouting for the resignation of Premier Pierlot's government.

The same dispatch gave the reason for the popular demonstration: "One of the major complaints seemed to be the government's reluctance to seize and try political and business bigwigs who allegedly had been sympathizers or supporters of the Germans, and who now are in high government posts and running the nation's business."

Here is a new form of collaborationism, not so shameful, perhaps, as that practiced under the German occupation but no less dangerous politically. It was against this danger that the people of Belgium demonstrated. They were not ready, however, to turn November 19 into a Belgian July 14; this was not an assault on the Bastille. And only a Metternichian like William Philip Simms, the *World-Telegram* columnist who longs for a new Holy Alliance, could have written these words: "While General Eisenhower's armies are slogging forward through blood and mud and ice in a desperate effort to knock out Germany and end the war quickly, bands of armed revolutioniaries are threatening their lines of communication in the rear." Now American mothers, sisters, and sweethearts know. If the war is not ended in 1944, if hundreds of thousands of casualties are added to the list of men now falling on the plains of Cologne, it is because 15,000 citizens marched through the streets of Brussels asking that a government which is officially dedicated to the fight against fascism carry out an honest anti-fascist policy.

It is hard to believe that competent generals on the spot share Mr. Simms's grave forebodings about the military consequences of the Brussels demonstrations. But the fact remains that British and Canadian military police were used to keep order in Brussels during the anti-government demonstration. In Britain the reaction of the liberal press was prompt and strong. The *New Statesman and Nation* described the event as "the most disquieting thing that has happened since our armies began the liberation of the country." Previously the London *News Chronicle* had denounced the campaign against the Belgian forces of resistance as being inspired by the Belgian General Overstratten, who long had been reputed an active agent for Nazi Germany and who, as King Leopold's military counselor, had carried out various projects which weakened Belgium's defenses and prepared the way for its capitulation. He, of course, is still at liberty and may be having dinner with Allied generals while the Belgian *maquis* is being disarmed.

In a strongly worded editorial *Pravda* has criticized the Pierlot government and indirectly the protection given it by the Western Allies. This is another sign that agreement among the major powers about policy in Europe is not so perfect as could be desired on the eve of the projected meeting of their heads.

During the last few days the crisis has sharpened to the point of making the continuance of the Pierlot government almost unthinkable. Belgian blood has been shed for the first time since the Germans left the country. Six persons were killed and many more wounded by the police in the course of a street demonstration on November 25. The demonstrators, a great majority of whom belonged to the movement of resistance, changed the cry "Down with Pierlot!" to "Pierlot, murderer!" Fernand Demany, leader of the resistance forces, declared, "There can be no compromise. Until yesterday it was a misunderstanding. Now it is a drama—a brute struggle." It is a shame that men and women who for four years have been fighting the Germans should be handled so ruthlessly by a government of exiles out of touch and out of sympathy with the spirit of the country. After all, what the Belgian people want is to destroy fascism and prevent a return to the conditions of 1939. Should the Allies continue to encourage and protect Pierlot in his fight against the resistance movement, the worst fears about the counter-revolutionary tendencies of American and British policy in Europe would be confirmed.

Stuart Chase's article "Will It Be Peace?" the first of three selections from his forthcoming book "Democracy Under Pressure," will appear in *The Nation* of December 9.

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A New Popular Front?

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

Chicago, November 25

EVERYBODY who reads the papers knows what happened at the C. I. O. conventon here this week. Sidney Hillman was welcomed with a demonstration that outlasted and out-roared any ovation given the President during the campaign, and the Political Action Committee by unanimous vote was continued. The convention, delegates told me today, had the air of a victory celebration. Labor has learned that it is a political force—a force strong enough to change, in a single election, the balance of power in Congress. Perhaps the C. I. O.-P. A. C. elected the President; it certainly defeated a number of Senators and Congressmen who would have made the President's fight for a decent international program even more difficult than it will be in any case. But the delegates had no illusion that the struggle was behind them, that they could sit back and let the President do the rest. While strenuously repudiating the idea of a third party or any intention to "take over" the Democratic Party, they are organizing for action over a broad field. Their platform can be abbreviated to a demand for victory, a lasting peace, social security, an end to race or religious discrimination, and 60,000,000 jobs. But those items call for a bit of filling in; and the C. I. O. will have its work cut out turning its program into legislation. It will need help in that job—the help of every progressive group in the country. And that brings me to the point of this article.

Today a meeting was held to decide the future of the National Citizens Political Action Committee, offshoot of the C. I. O.-P. A. C., organized to rally non-labor progressives and independent voters behind the Roosevelt ticket. It was started strictly as a campaign affair, and in the normal course of political events it would have gone out of business on November 8. But word came from other sections of the country, from branches of the Citizens P. A. C. and from independent committees cooperating with it, that these groups had no intention of quitting. I don't think the C. I. O. leaders had ever reckoned on quite such lusty offspring: they didn't know when the N. C.-P. A. C. came into being that they were starting a progressive movement outside their own ranks.

The executive committee of the N. C.-P. A. C. voted today to continue its existence. It also decided to try to form some sort of alliance with other organized groups. The idea is to get in touch with the more important independent committees and with some "like-minded individuals" and, if they agree, together call a conference to see whether an association or a federation or at least a plan for common action on a few concrete objectives can be launched. Not a very ambitious scheme. Not the sort of organized progressive force I'd like to see created in America. But a start—or an attempt at a start.

There are good reasons for making the beginning tentative and modest. In the first place the N. C.-P. A. C. is itself a small organization that owed its life to and drew its inspiration from the C. I. O.-P. A. C. In some places it was vigorous and effective; in others little more than a name. It raised a good deal of money—well over $350,000—and used it well. But all in all it was not a big show on its own account, and this is no discredit to the men and women who built it up. For they were well aware that its real role was to serve as the non-labor arm of the C. I. O.-P. A. C. That the Citizens P. A. C. developed none the less a vitality and will to survive is a tribute both to its own spirit and to the militant enthusiasm generated by the great rank-and-file movement of which it was an offspring.

But other excellent progressive and independent committees sprang up around the country during the campaign. Some worked directly with the P. A. C. Some were on their own. Most of them developed a strong sense of worth and identity. They intended to continue in existence and apparently they are not ready to merge in a single organization—neither in the N. C.-P. A. C. nor in any newly created over-all association.

This, at least, was the consensus of opinion expressed at Chicago today by people coming from many parts of the country. They all reported an unprecedented bubbling up of progressive feeling, a record of effective action, a determination to go on, a belief that now is the time to "do something"—to harness the momentum of the campaign to a plan for continued political action—but with it all a general hesitation to attempt to create an inclusive national organization.

This hesitation is natural and due to a variety of reasons. One of them is based on the very structure of our political system. As things stand, progressive action in the country has to be organized largely outside the parties—and applied to them. The resistance of the C. I. O. leaders to any talk of a "third party" is founded on a lot of unhappy history. But the absence of a progressive party makes the job of organizing independent progressive sentiment on any permanent basis an extremely difficult one. You can create committees to put Mr. Roosevelt into office or throw Representative Fish out, but to hold such groups together for a long-haul effort is a different matter. The C. I. O.-P. A. C., I believe, will succeed just because it can set up an organization as tight and laboriously constructed from bottom to top as a political party; its solid union basis gives it the necessary coherence and mass strength. Can a group of independent committees and other organizations with no tie except their common support of the President and no mass base anywhere achieve effective union? It is easy to see why even the enthusiastic progressives gathered here today approached the task with diffidence.

Another reason for hesitation is the lack of any common program with which to bind such an alliance. We can assume the groups organized to put Mr. Roosevelt in office could agree on a few basic objectives. Undoubtedly they want the United States to join some sort of world security organization. And one can assume they accept the need of a measure of government intervention to prevent economic collapse and

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millions unemployed after the war. This is a good beginning, but what does it mean in terms of program—and specific legislation? Could you line those independent committees up behind the Kilgore bill or the Wagner-Murray-Dingell bill? Would they even agree on the attitude to take toward the Dumbarton Oaks plan? Without a program, a union of forces is meaningless—between elections.

These are two of the dubious elements in the prospect of progressive political action. A third really underlies both. Independent liberals in America have no tradition or habit of working together. The best of them are critics, not political fighters. Or if they fight, they usually choose a very narrow salient and go after a limited objective—one small isolated reform—leaving the field as a whole to the professional politicians who, also by tradition, are only occasionally liberals. To learn to act together is our chief need; perhaps we can do so in the face of the world's greatest political crisis. But our ability is still to be proved.

One of the finest and most hopeful things about today's meeting was the attitude of the C. I. O. representatives on the N. C.-P. A. C.'s executive. They strongly approved the decision to continue the organization, they realize fully the value of political action outside the ranks of labor, and they showed no inclination whatever to try to keep the N. C.-P. A. C. under C. I. O. control. On the contrary, without exception they backed the idea of establishing contact with other progressive groups, while promising, at the same time, the continued cooperation of the C. I. O. I emphasize this fact because a good many liberals outside the P. A. C. have proclaimed that the C. I. O. group would either dominate or lose interest in any non-labor organization associated with it. The exact opposite was the attitude in evidence today. I cannot report in detail proceedings that were closed to the press, but I can at least set down my conviction that no one in this country would be happier than Sidney Hillman and Philip Murray to see an independent progressive political movement develop alongside the C. I. O.-P. A. C.

I must add, however, that I left the meeting today somewhat chastened. I have seen the rise and collapse of a good many hopeful political efforts, and I appreciate the need for caution and a realistic appraisal of chances. But I feel so acutely the need of a popular front in America—a solid union of progressive forces—that I fear an overemphasis on obstacles. A person who rushes ahead without looking is likely to fall on his face. But it is also true that timidity often creates difficulties instead of leading one around them. Confidence and enthusiasm might do more to draw American progressives together than a too tender concern over probable differences.

What I would like to see grow out of a conference of progressive leaders is a federation of existing groups—if nothing more substantial is possible—headed by a man of the stature of Henry Wallace. I would like to have this body adopt a very simple but concrete program of action in domestic and foreign affairs. I would like to see plans made for building, on the basis of the federated groups, a national movement able to take concerted action on specific measures and in support of progressive candidates for office. I would like to see this body enter into a close working alliance with the C. I. O.-P. A. C. and with any other bodies that are effectively organized.

Such a federation would, I believe, provide an answer to the desires of millions of Americans who today have no political home. It might well change the future of the country. We may have to settle for less, but we should try hard to achieve at least this. The chance may not come again for a long time.

Washington Notes

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, November 24

NOW that pressure from Washington seems to have succeeded in prying loose a few of the reactionaries around Chiang Kai-shek, it would be nice if there were pressure from Chungking to help us get rid of a few of the reactionaries around Franklin D. Roosevelt.

AMONG THE MEN an effective and democratic American war effort could very well do without are Admiral Leahy and James F. Byrnes and Jesse Jones and Will Clayton and Leo T. Crowley. They have about as much conception of how to wage a people's war as the worst of the Kuomintang crowd around Chiang. Two of them, Byrnes and Crowley, were reported ready to resign recently, but it was announced that the President had prevailed on both to serve until the defeat of Germany. The appalling whisper around town is that when Byrnes resigns he will succeed Harlan F. Stone as Chief Justice and that Crowley will be replaced as Foreign Economic Administrator by Will Clayton. If the former is true, Mr. Roosevelt will have the distinction of giving us a new Chief Justice somewhat to the right of William Howard Taft and considerably less progressive than Charles Evans Hughes. Clayton would be worse than Crowley as head of the FEA since he is a shrewd and highly intelligent rightist while Crowley, in a post requiring wide knowledge and broad horizons, is one of the dumbest men ever to hold an important position in Washington.

I notice that John H. Crider, one of the able correspondents of the New York *Times* in Washington, has been taken in by Crowley. Crider reported that Crowley wanted to resign so he could "return to his $50,000-a-year post as chairman of the board of Standard Gas and Electric, which he left last year when he went to the FEA." If Crider will look at the proxy statement filed by Standard Gas recently with the Securities and Exchange Commission, he will see that Crowley is still chairman of the board of Standard Gas

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and still draws, not $50,000, but $75,000 a year from that job while serving as head of the FEA and (at $10,000 a year) as chairman of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation. Standard Gas has been engaged in putting a reorganization plan through the SEC while its chairman of the board has occupied a high position in the government. This seems to me highly improper, but dollar-a-yearism has apparently become the accepted thing here. Actually Crowley is not a dollar-a-year man, a business man "drafted" to help out in the war effort, but a Wisconsin political hack whose only visible qualification for a big business job at the head of Standard Gas was his political influence as a New Dealer.

NOT ALL IS SAD and gloomy here, not by a long shot. Progressives have won a clear victory in the defeat of the original Jones-Clayton-Byrnes-Baruch slate for the new Surplus Property Board. The President had intended to name Jones's right-hand man, Sam H. Husbands; Clayton's executive assistant, Colonel Joesph P. Woodlock; and a Los Angeles corporation lawyer, James Shepherd. Thanks to vigorous protests from Senators Murray and Kilgore, Senator Barkley's firm warning to the President that these men could not be confirmed, and behind-the scenes protests by Philip Murray of the C. I. O. and James Patton of the National Farmers' Union, all three nominations have been discarded. The President will nominate Senator Gillette of Iowa as chairman and has already nominated former Governor Robert Hurley of Connecticut and Lieutenant Colonel Edward Heller of San Francisco as the other two members of the new board. These appointments, though unspectacular and political, are a big improvement over a Jones-Clayton board. Senator Gillette learned a great deal about monopoly and showed much courage in dealing with it in the course of the Gillette committee investigation into the utilization of farm products in the war effort. Hurley is an engineer and small business man. Heller is an intelligent liberal, a member of a social-minded, wealthy family on the West Coast. Most progressives here are hopeful that they will do as a good job.

ANOTHER PROGRESSIVE victory this week was the defeat in the Senate, by forty-two votes to twenty-seven, of the Bailey amendment to the Rivers and Harbors bill. The bill, as reported to the Senate, contained a provision authorizing the Secretary of the Interior to construct and acquire transmission lines for the sale of power generated at new flood-control dam projects. The amendment by Senator Bailey of North Carolina, the friend of almost every monopolistic lobby in the capital, would have provided for sale of power "at the point of production"—as advocated by Governor Bricker in the late campaign. The Secretary of the Interior could have built transmission lines only if private power companies after three years had failed to buy up at least 90 per cent of the power generated. "The effect," as Senator Aiken of Vermont told the Senate, "would be to turn over the public power of the United States, all power generated at public dams, to private utility companies, and if they did not want it at the end of three years, then the proper authority would have a chance to sell it to the public." Aiken pointed out that under the terms of the bill the only possible customer for St. Lawrence power would be the Niagara-Hudson Power Company.

The debate on the Rivers and Harbors bill in the Senate on November 21, 22, and 24 makes good reading. I wish the majority of the members of that body were as well informed on other economic problems as they are on power. The debate concerned not only the Bailey amendment but the effort, focusing on the Missouri valley, to prevent the establishment of new regional authorities modeled on the TVA. I hope to write of that in an early letter. It is a pleasure to record the able and enlightened leadership provided by Senator Barkley of Kentucky in the fight against the Bailey amendment. Bailey thumped lustily for "private enterprise" in an effort to save his amendment and drew an eloquent rejoinder from Barkley. "Our rivers," the Senate Democratic leader said, ". . . were not made by any corporation. They were not made by any private enterprise, free or otherwise." They constitute, he said, "a part of the great body of natural resources which belong to the American people, and they ought to be developed for the benefit of the American people." Senator Barkley said that while he favored free enterprise he was "not in favor of making it so free that it will be free to do nothing, or free to do anything it may see fit to do in order to carry out its own program." When this point of view begins to extend beyond water-power, we shall make progress.

A GOOD grass-roots task for the P. A. C. would be a well-organized drive of public education looking toward revision of state unemployment-compensation laws during the 1945 legislative sessions. The Senate's George committee and the House Colmer committee, both right wing, recommended state action to improve unemployment compensation as a means of heading off federal legislation, and the "States' Righters" ought to be put on the spot when the state legislatures meet. A mousy little report put out here by the Social Security Board on "Unemployment Compensation in the Reconversion Period: Recommendations for Improvement of State Unemployment Compensation Legislation in the 1945 State Legislative Sessions" is worth reading. Although we now have a working force, exclusive of the armed forces, of 55,000,000, less than 31,000,000 were covered by jobless insurance as of September, 1943. Allowances are so low that the bottom will fall out of the market if we have to depend upon them to maintain purchasing power during reconversion. In the sixteen states with average weekly wages above $40, only one grants a maximum benefit of as much as $22 and three allow a maximum—maximum, not minimum—benefit of $15. "The maximum weekly benefit," the Social Security Board suggests meekly, "might well be raised to $25."

ALL THAT I hear from men in touch with the facts of business indicates a sharp increase in labor productivity. Little that I hear here indicates that the men in and out around the White House really grasp the gigantic dimensions of the problem we face after the war in making this a blessing instead of a curse. Only among the lesser New Dealers is there comprehension of the need for new measures

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and new thinking if we are to raise living standards sufficiently to achieve full employment. War prosperity and the war alliance among the Big Three tend to hide the danger that American big business will be drawn toward the classic solutions for "overproduction"—an intensified imperialist struggle for foreign markets and war, the former with the British, the latter with the Russians. That is the undertow the progressive movement will have to fight after V-Day.

The War Fronts

BY CHARLES G. BOLTE

GENERAL EISENHOWER has now expressed his own belief that the Germans will stand and fight west of the Rhine. He likewise expressed his hope that they will do this, and underscored what cannot be emphasized too often: the fundamental Allied aim is the destruction of Germany's armed power, not the taking of territory. If the Germans will stay west of the Rhine for the duration of this decisive battle, all the better for us, even though the immediate prospect is as grim as General Eisenhower declares it to be: "The German has to be hit with everything we've got and finally the breaking point will come. At present we are keeping up the pressure at maximum strength along the entire front. . . . To get peace we have to fight like hell."

Allied soldiers are indeed fighting like hell, and so is the enemy. What may turn out to be the battle for Germany itself is now raging on the western fringes of the Cologne plain, between Aachen and the Rhine, on a front of only about forty miles. It was apparent very early in the present offensive that this was to be the scene of the Allies' most highly concentrated effort and the enemy's most determined defense —a conclusion soon justified by the announcement that the United States Ninth Army and elements of the United States First and British Second armies were fighting here, and by the subsequent announcement that the enemy had counterposed six armored divisions and six infantry divisions to this thrust.

This is no accident—the Cologne plain was not simply chosen by mutual agreement as a convenient battlefield. Behind the fighting zone lies the Ruhr, that iron heart of Germany from which flows the bulk of the warrior nation's sinews of war. One of the last acts of the now defunct British Ministry of Economic Warfare was the issuing of a detailed report which showed that loss of the Ruhr would cut Germany's basic war potential in half—from 9,000,000 tons of pig iron and 14,000,000 tons of crude steel annually to 5,000,000 tons of pig iron and 7,000,000 tons of crude steel. In addition, the Ruhr has been producing a good part of Germany's coal, and the district's population of 3,250,000 includes a high proportion of the nation's skilled workers, as Jack Tait pointed out in a dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune* last week. Moreover, north and east of Cologne lie the flat Westphalian plains, with easy going eastward to Berlin.

It is not wonderful, then, that the big battle is being fought west of Cologne. Nor is it wonderful that the battle is perhaps the most bitter ever waged in Western Europe. Rain, snow, and sleet; mines and booby traps by the thousand; barrage and counter-barrage; tank sallies and anti-tank fire; bayonet fighting in the forests and house-to-house fighting in the villages—that is the story told by front dispatches. "Let's get to hell out of these woods, men. We're going to do it today or die in the attempt," said a battalion commander of the American infantry which finally drove out of the Hurtgen Forest last week-end after a ten-day battle in which gains were measured by trees, not by yards. Many died, but the rest got out of the woods.

One of the more disquieting aspects of this truly epochal battle has been the enemy's apparently successful use of the new sixty-seven-ton King Tiger tank. Even the high-velocity armor-piercing shells of the seventy-five-millimeter guns mounted in American Sherman tanks bounce off the seven-inch front armor of this latest German Pz. Kw., and the enemy's tank counter-attacks have been stopped largely by the daring employment of United States tank-destroyers operating well to the fore—presumably at a high cost. Even in the final phases of the war the Allies thus continue to find themselves outstripped by the enemy's technical development in a most important branch of ground battle.

However, no late technical advances can alter the German fate, or long delay its consummation. Tank losses and heavy attrition of Allied man-power are bitter to contemplate, but in such fighting the Germans must give way long before we even approach the point of exhaustion. General Eisenhower has still not committed his strategic reserve as this is written (Sunday); when he does, that should shift the balance sharply. The enemy has concentrated most of his strength against the United States First and Ninth armies, and the greater part of the British Second Army has not yet been actively engaged. Thus a blow from Venlo across the base of the Germans' Roermond salient would seem a possibility, with the British and elements of the First Canadian Army attacking together. On the front immediately east of Aachen any signs of weakening in the enemy's line should produce a similar concentrated blow from the available American reserves; and then important results can be expected.

The enemy still has strength and resources for local counter-attacks, as was shown by the drive farther south to cut the Saverne corridor through which French and American troops advanced to Strasbourg. But these counter-attacks cannot be decisive and can be delivered only in dire need—as was certainly the case here, with all the Germans in the Vosges on the point of encirclement by Allied columns moving toward a juncture in the Rhine valley behind them. This dual envelopment in the south, through Strasbourg and Belfort, was a very neat and dashing maneuver, incidentally, and the comparative softness of German resistance only emphasized once more that it is on the Cologne plain that the decisive battle is going forward.

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The Sky's the Limit

BY B. T. RICHARDSON

Chicago, November 24

AN ELEMENT of unreality at Chicago has been the failure to regard the International Civil Aviation Conference as truly part of the peace conference. The settlement of international civil-aviation problems cannot be separated from the making of peace, because the issue of future war or peace will rest upon air power and because in these days when the United States is an active leader in consolidating the unity of the Allied and associated nations, its attitude toward problems of the air is the main yardstick of future world collaboration.

One of the lesser but extremely significant battles of the Chicago conference, as it proceeded from crisis to crisis, raged over the relation of the proposed international air administration to the world security organization envisaged in the Dumbarton Oaks document. It served first to reveal the unexpectedly narrow position taken by the United States delegation. Mr. Berle's opening speech cogently argued that rivalry in civil aviation might cause wars, as rivalry in sea transport had done in the past. But the difference between making a polite bow to the problem and defining the precise relation between international civil aviation and the causes of war eluded the conference. A partial draft convention, produced after three weeks of work, left the matter to a two-thirds' majority vote of the world air assembly.

The work of the Chicago conference naturally fell into two divisions. The rules of air navigation and technical practices were advanced with speed. This work will never end, of course, as long as air navigation develops. There was harmony on the scientific front, for everyone hopes to fly better and more safely. But air-transport regulation made little progress beyond the position taken by the American delegation that the United States opposed controls of commercial or political character. Smaller nations were mere spectators of the battle over commercial and political controls. They sat on the sidelines while the fight raged behind the scenes between the United States and Great Britain, between Mr. Berle, leader of the American delegation, and Viscount Swinton, leader of the British delegation, with H. J. Symington, acting leader of the Canadian delegation, serving as third-party conciliator. These three countries brought detailed proposals with them. On the crucial issue of empowering a referee to regulate air services between nations they were still unreconciled at this writing, and no prospect existed of resolving the deadlock.

The disagreement was intensified by a conflict of personalities. Each was cold and capable—Mr. Berle, the incisive American intellectual, and Lord Swinton, the professional British diplomat; the two were products of differing backgrounds, traditions, and educational systems. Beyond these things lay a great conflict of interests. The American claim, backed by planes and plans and fresh aeronautical skills, to fly air lines everywhere met the British fear that their existing disadvantages would harden into permanent competitive disabilities.

By Thanksgiving Day, the deadline on which hopes of agreement rested in original estimates of the Chicago conference, the delegates had produced only an empty framework, barren of decisive authority, with two important exceptions. One exception was that the structure or machinery of the international air administration had been decided in favor of an assembly in which fourteen voting members and a president would represent the seven leading aviation countries and seven chosen for geographical location. The other exception was an effective system of rate control in which international air-line operators would first fix rates which would be subject to review by the board and to consultation in case of disagreement. The rate clauses represented a genuine achievement, for as Mr. Berle said, they rested upon consent at three levels. They also rested in the ultimate upon a clause by which a rate-cutting operator might be outlawed from world airways. This clause said, "Each member state has the right and undertakes not to allow the operation of international air service through the air space above its territory if it is satisfied that the operator concerned is not conforming to the provisions of the convention or to the decisions reached under it or in consequence of it."

Such a clause would provide effective regulatory power without surrender of sovereignty in other than rate matters, if covered by the convention. Besides rates, the main source of friction on world airways will be the division of traffic and the methods by which the capacity employed by each operator is geared to the traffic offering. These are problems of routes and schedules. To operate empty planes for prestige or for destruction of competition means subsidies in one form or other. So the failure to deal with schedules will leave the convention's declaration against economic waste merely a pious hope. To avoid subsidy wars the draft convention relied solely on publication of particulars of subsidies paid from public funds.

In his opening speech Mr. Berle declared that the United States would support an organization having power only in technical matters, with consultative functions in economic and political questions. Mayor LaGuardia summed up the limits of this position later when he said, "Everybody is against bad weather." The Berle thesis meant that past experience in international transport would be discarded to permit a process of evolution from bilateral rights to multilateral freedoms. The world, he said, was in the stage where traffic is possible only by permissions between nations. This thesis does less than justice to the universal desire for effective international organization, not in aviation alone. Indeed, Mr. Berle's position by implication applied to all fields of international collaboration. The school of thought shared by the United States, he said, "believes

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that international organization at this time in economic and political fields must be primarily consultative, fact-gathering, and fact-finding." Never has the world had a clearer indication of the limits of American foreign policy.

"A great silence prevails," said Mr. Berle, "when it is asked on what basis shall routes be allocated or traffic divided." That the function of the Chicago conference was to fill in that "great silence" escaped notice. What is the "natural right" of friendly intercourse by air among nations? This was the crux at Chicago. The choice lay between agreeing to wait until the natural right of which Mr. Berle spoke should ripen into an established body of law and seizing the opportunity to define the hopes of many nations and their present willingness to recognize multilaterally the freedoms of the air.

The freedoms of the air are simple matters in principle. No one at Chicago spoke against recognizing the right of innocent passage as a "freedom." No one spoke against the freedom of non-traffic stops in foreign territory. The right to land with one's cargo was a third freedom which everyone was ready to recognize. The fourth freedom, the right to embark one's own traffic, could be recognized without serious dissent. Beyond that, the fifth freedom involves the right of traffic stops between two or more other countries. The sixth freedom, if it should ever come, will be the right to traffic stops within the territory of other countries, that is, the right of cabotage. By universal agreement, no one is prepared to concede the right of cabotage to other countries. So the great battle of the conference raged over the fifth freedom. Without agreement on freedom of the air, said Mr. LaGuardia, "the meat is taken out of the convention. All the rest is sauce."

In asking for the fifth freedom, the right of intermediate traffic stops along an international route, the United States delegation faced immediate demands from the British for adequate safeguards. Shall an American operator flying from New York to Paris compete with British and French traffic between London and Paris by embarking passengers at London on the way over? That was the problem in a nutshell. Until settled, the free choice of the passenger to take any service he wishes, at any point of departure, will not exist.

Coupled with the right of an operator to increase air-service capacity—on which agreement was possible under the Canadian proposal for escalation of services which operated 65 per cent or more of their capacity—the fifth freedom involved the fundamental issue of full competition along international routes. With full reciprocal rights Canada was prepared to recognize the fifth freedom. Without this vital clause written into the convention the nations could fall back only upon bilateral agreements, and no effective multilateral convention could exist.

Whether American insistence on the fifth freedom in full was too hard-boiled needs to be judged in the light of safeguards asked by the British. No word came from the American delegation on special claims of war-devastated countries for a breathing spell in order to remedy their temporary disadvantage, an urgent matter with half a dozen European nations present. No word was uttered of the wartime agreement which concentrated British aircraft capacity in combat types while America made phenomenal progress in transport planes. The American offer of transport planes for an interim period on equal terms contained a proviso as enunciated by Mr. Berle. Planes would be available, he said, for countries "which recognize, as we do, the right of friendly intercourse to others." The right of friendly intercourse, defined to include the fifth freedom, made the price too high for the British and left the conviction with nations needing planes that the United States insisted upon too hard a bargain.

50 Years Ago in "The Nation"

THE MOST INTERESTING ACTION of the Vermont legislature, which adjourned last week, is the action which it did not take. The professional politicians, who have always been disgusted that the state was persuaded to adopt the Australian ballot, set out to secure the repeal of the law, and appeared to be quite hopeful of success. Vermont being so terribly one-sided in politics, the professionals there are chiefly Republicans, and their main argument was the claim that the secret ballot "hurt the party." . . . But when it came to the point, the courage of the repealers gave out, and no change was made in the system, for fear of the public sentiment which demands its maintenance.—*December 6, 1894.*

THE CITY'S DELIVERANCE from Tammany was naturally and appropriately the burden of most of the Thanksgiving sermons in this city.—*December 6, 1894.*

MR. HALL CAINE delivered an address at Edinburgh a few days ago on "Moral Responsibility in Fiction." His view of the novelist's function is serious and sober enough, and we have no exceptions to take to it. If anything in his remarks could be considered startling, it would be his description of the novel of the future, which will be, he thinks, a sort of compound of the penny newspaper and the Sermon on the Mount. The new journalism united to the New Testament may possibly be conceived of by an active imagination; but that the resulting mixture could be called a novel . . . is too much for mortal credulity.—*December 6, 1894.*

SENATOR LODGE, in his remarks before the West Side Republican Club last Friday night, declared that "the party of construction, the party of action," has been "recalled to power." He went on to say that what the party of action was going to do was to "give the country a rest," and that what the party of construction was going to construct was—nothing.—*December 20, 1894.*

THE SCENES in the Reichstag over the Socialist disrespect to the Emperor are evidently only the beginning of further trouble. . . . The Germans are just beginning to find out the difficulty, if not impossibility, of basing a feudal monarchy on universal suffrage and parliamentary institutions and a free press.—*December 20, 1894.*

BOOKS OF THE MONTH: Horatio Alger, Jr., "Victor Vane, the Young Secretary"; Conan Doyle, "The White Company"; Eugene Field, "Love-Songs of Childhood."

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Europe's Road to Peace

BY JAN MASARYK

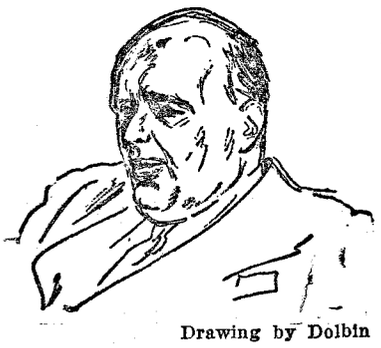
THE end of the war is like the moment of death. It is an absolute certainty, and yet we do not know when it will happen. I long for a speedy victory. Every day that dawns brings death to hundreds of Jews and Christians in the slaughterhouse of Nazi-occupied Europe. The summary courts set up by the butcher Heydrich are still functioning in Prague and in Brno. There may be few intellectuals and leaders left in my own and other countries if victory is delayed too long. The Nazis are doing their best to make the occupied countries permanently leaderless and destitute. We do not want them to remain in power for a single day longer than can be helped. Yet if the collapse comes suddenly, the statesmen of Europe may be unprepared. We may improvise remedies where we need a plan and a policy. We shall not, I think, be detracting from the final war effort if we give serious thought now to the shape of things to come in Europe and the world. On the contrary, we shall be fulfilling our duty as citizens of the twentieth-century world.

In the last war the mighty German army collapsed in France and Flanders. Not an inch of German soil was taken by the Allies. The German civilian, though weary and undernourished, knew nothing about the actual devastation of war. This time it will be very different. I do not know where the valiant Soviet army will halt, but the war will certainly be carried right into the heart of Germany. The assault on the Westwall has begun. Hitler is to meet his Waterloo in Germany.

We shall soon have the task of clearing the last German soldier and Nazi official out of the countries which have been occupied. It will be a wretched time for the would-be rulers of Europe. They will understand the meaning of hatred and revenge. Blood will flow. My own government has prepared lists of men whom it intends to bring to justice; I emphasize, *justice*. But the trial and punishment of war criminals will not be left—I hope and believe—entirely to the governments of the occupied countries. British, Americans, Frenchmen, and Russians will be fighting at Hitler's Waterloo. We want them to stay on in Germany until the moment is ripe for their departure. We want Berlin—at least for a time—to be just as much an occupied city as were Paris, Warsaw, Brussels, Prague. And we want the trial and punishment of the war criminals to be the joint responsibility of the United Nations.

I do not assert that exacting retribution is the main concern of victorious and occupying armies. It is not. But there must be no saying that the Czechs or the Poles were surreptitiously encouraged to slaughter those who had oppressed them, while the great powers looked on and did nothing. When the victorious Allied armies converge on Berlin, their chiefs must assume the responsibility for taking over, and annihilating, the Nazi empire. They must also distribute food, restore the forced foreign laborer to his country and his family, combat disease, and be ready to impose a temporary order upon a collapsed Germany. I expect to see British, American, Russian, Polish, and Czechoslovak generals installed in Berlin or Potsdam. Only thus can we prevent this second Great War from being succeeded by numerous civil wars raging from one end of Europe to the other.

But this responsibility, I must emphasize, marks only the temporary military phase. It cannot do duty for enlightened statesmanship. It is not peace. It is merely a police precaution. Our plans for the future of the collapsed Nazi empire will provide the real test of our statesmanship and our capacity to promote lasting peace. They must be based on an honest and whole-hearted return to the principle of national self-determination, as far as that is possible in the complicated ethnography of Europe—a return to adapted Wilsonism. (Whatever the faults of the Versailles settlement may have been, it produced the fairest political map of Europe that so far had been devised.) Germany seized its "living space" at the expense of other people and should be allowed to retain nothing which it took after the spring of 1938. Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland—each is an ancient country, deeply conscious of its national identity. We must return to healthy, non-aggressive cultural nationalism, even if we proceed to devise schemes of confederation. In Europe the submergence of a distinct nationality has always led to trouble. To recognize its existence is the way of wisdom.



Drawing by Dolbin

Jan Masaryk

I do not wish to discuss at great length the post-war claims of Czechoslovakia. In 1938 we had no territorial demands of any sort. We rejected Hitler's demands, and we never willingly accepted anything which happened after Munich. With this well-justified attitude the leaders of the United Nations agree. We are preparing ourselves for two major tasks—to restore the well-being of our stricken people, and to reconstitute our foreign policy so that we can again be a nucleus of liberty and democracy in Europe.

Even in war time we can discern the future policy of Europe taking shape. From the first meeting between President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill in the summer of 1941 emerged the Atlantic Charter. At that time the United States was not a belligerent; nor was the cause of China definitely identified with the cause of the Western democracies. The grand alliance known as the United Nations had not been created. The situation is radically different today, and I believe that some day the authors themselves would like to amplify the Atlantic Charter. It was never intended to be the

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last word in Allied policy. It was a milestone on the road to victory, a very important one.

Equally significant for the future of the Czechoslovak people is the Anglo-Soviet pact, together with the agreement between the two great powers that their alliance shall last for twenty years. May I state the Czechoslovak attitude toward Soviet Russia? Our relations with Russia have always been friendly. Many of my countrymen sincerely believed that Russia would come to their rescue in 1914. My father, who knew Russia intimately, was skeptical. And he was very angry when he discovered that Russian soldiers had been sent to the front by the tens of thousands without arms or equipment, simply to be butchered. None the less, our men deserted daily from the Imperial forces to the Russian army, and my father was with the Czech legionaries in Russia during the Bolshevist revolution. There is no need for me to recall the great story of the legionaries' march across Siberia to Vladivostok; the two years or more they spent in Russia increased the understanding and deepened the sympathy between Russian and Czech. Some of those Czech legionaries—for example, the Minister for War and Commander-in-Chief, General Ingr—are at the head of our armed forces today, and they take particular delight in the fact that Czech soldiers are again fighting at the side of their Russian friends.

We Czechs are democrats; our democratic institutions correspond to those of the British, the Americans, and the French of the Third Republic. We have never disguised the fact that Soviet ideology is different from ours, but we have never been afraid of the difference. We believe that Soviet Russia, unlike Nazi Germany, wants none of our territory, that it has no intention of frustrating our democratic way of life. Soviet Russia's long isolation from the affairs of Europe was a very unfortunate development. Throughout the spring of 1941 my countrymen saw unmistakable signs of German preparations for an invasion of Russia. Czechoslovakia was intended to be the chief arsenal for that war. My countrymen knew their duty. They would commit grave acts of sabotage. They would make the railway communications chaotic. I was not surprised when the embittered Nazis turned upon the Czechs and sent Heydrich to Prague.

There are critics who say that the Czechs are too pro-Russian. I should not myself call pro-Russianism a crime. The courage and intelligence and endurance of the Russians gladden the hearts of all Slavs and destroy forever the boastful racial pretensions of the *Herrenvolk*. But we are not exclusively pro-Russian. We established firm links with the West before the days of Munich. We look to the West again—so eagerly that we would regard the exclusion of France from the affairs of Europe as a blunder no less fatal than was the twenty years' exclusion of Soviet Russia. The Anglo-Soviet pact gives us the right assurance. The Czechs are pro-Anglo-Russian. I need hardly add that they are also pro-United States. A Czechoslovakia in fully harmonious relationship with Britain in the west and Russia in the east would be, indeed, a contented country. It would cease to fear the old enemy who by treachery and violence climbed the Bohemian highlands to make himself the master of Europe.

It is not for me to say whether the Anglo-Soviet pact can be converted into a full alliance between the Russian and English-speaking peoples. No one can say what will be the orientation of British or American policy in ten or fifteen years' time. Moods of isolation will, I daresay, recur in the United States, and moods of aloofness will recur in Britain. The pendulum never quite stops swinging. But twice within a lifetime Americans have become major participants in a European war, and I am convinced that American statesmanship will not make yet another withdrawal from the European arena. In 1919 we built our future on the assumption that the actions of the President of the United States would be indorsed by the Senate and the people. We must not again put all our eggs in one basket—American, British, or Russian. We must also proceed, as it were, to save ourselves by our own efforts.

I am myself an ardent believer in some sort of European confederation. I shall confine my remarks, however, to the project of a Czechoslovak-Polish confederation, because if this is firmly established, it may well lead to the larger association we seek. In November, 1940, the Czechoslovak and Polish governments announced their readiness to discuss tentative schemes for a confederation. They stipulated that the final scheme would have to be indorsed by the legislatures of the two countries, and those two legislatures would, of course, require the confidence of the Czechoslovak and Polish electorates. Our joint declaration had the warm approval of the British government. At the time Britain was the only great power engaged in active warfare against Germany. Today the situation is entirely changed, and it is unthinkable that we should proceed with our plans without fully explaining every step to the Soviet, British, and American governments. These governments would all be vitally affected by our action, which would add a new, and we believe beneficial, element to the European structure. We are not confederating for the purpose of combining against any other power, least of all Russia. Nevertheless, we believe that our confederation could give us military strength and pliancy as well as economic resilience and that it would go far toward making impossible a successful resurgence of German militarism.

We are prepared to confederate, but we will never abate our patriotism. We shall be good Europeans and good Czechs. Often when I have examined some scheme for a post-war settlement in Europe, I have found that its framers underestimated the power of patriotism. People write glibly of public-utility developments throughout the Danubian and Balkan countries. They hint at the transplanting of vast Tennessee Valley schemes. I am sure that the settlement of our problems will be neither so simple nor so ambitious as that. The Czechoslovak people have an internal cohesion which will enable them to make a quick recovery when the war is over. Czechoslovakia will be a great industrial nation again. Yet, when I think of my country, there is always a hard-working peasant in the picture. In its villages—its little Lidices—you see the real strength of Czechoslovakia. That is true of all Central Europe. The Western democracies must not make the mistake of regarding Eastern and Central Europe as a region for colonization and development, where they can do skilfully what was done by the Germans clumsily and with shocking brutality. We ask first and foremost that our people shall live in freedom again, so that they can discuss the affairs of men and the ways of God without any let or hindrance.

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The Truth About the Terrorists

BY GEROLD FRANK

Jerusalem, November 19 (by Cable)

THE tragedy of Palestinian terrorism should be seen in its correct proportions. Of Palestine's 600,000 Jews, less than 2,000 are terrorists, but the entire Jewish population now suffers the ignominy of identification with terrorism. It is difficult to convey the depth of bitterness which the recent outrages have aroused here. Jewish leaders point out that the Zionist movement, from its earliest beginnings, has been on a high spiritual and moral plane and that its record of achievement in Palestine has been free of violence. That at this critical hour the movement should be perverted by men whom they describe as suffering from a type of dementia is a tragedy for them. Churchill's blunt statement in Parliament two days ago only underlines that tragedy.

Who are these terrorists? Why is it so difficult to eradicate them? They are divided into two illegal organizations, small but virulent groups fighting for the freedom of Israel —the so-called Stern gang, with 150 active members, and the melodramatic Irgun Zevai Leumi, or National Military Organization, whose active membership plus a fringe of youthful hero-worshipers is set at 1,500 to 1,700. The Stern gang is guilty of a long series of anti-British outrages, culminating in the Moyne murder. To complicate matters, it is alleged that the gang may be backed by sinister non-Jewish elements who are using it to settle anti-British scores of their own.

These two organizations, a bizarre conglomeration of youngsters in their teens and veteran terrorists, combining the technique of Chicago gangsters with the posturings of comic opera, have precipitated a crisis and dealt Zionism a damaging blow. They prey not only on the British but also on the Jewish community, using extortion, blackmail, and kidnaping to swell their treasury. The Zionist leaders are meeting the challenge with every means at their disposal. Chaim Weizmann, who has just arrived in Palestine, is reported to be taking vigorous steps. In the past fortnight a country-wide "speak-up" campaign has been launched. Citizens are asked to come forward and tell what they know of the terrorists and their hide-outs. Organization after organization is calling on its members to do all they can. Every day in Jerusalem one sees Zionist youths pasting up posters denouncing terrorism and ripping down illegal placards.

It must be understood, however, that the terror in Palestine is not an isolated phenomenon. It is symptomatic of a disease which finds its easiest victims among Jews forced to sit idle while their relatives are massacred in Europe and their appeals to let Palestine give them haven go unanswered. It is particularly contagious among a certain type of youth for whom time and diplomacy move too slowly and who consider spectacular action better than the unpublicized constructive labor which occupies the majority of young men in Palestine.

It stems from the activist movement in pre-war Poland, which formed an extremist wing of Zionist revisionism. The revisionists preached that the way to achieve a Jewish state was through political action. That, they asserted, and not the slow process of immigration and colonization depended upon by the Zionist organization, would realize the Zionist ideal. The activists went far beyond the revisionists and called for the use of force. The hunted leaders of the terrorists today—Nathan Friedman-Yellin, the thirty-one-year-old Sternist chief, and Menachim Begin, the thirty-five-year-old head of the I. Z. L.—are both former Polish activists. Both are so convinced that Great Britain will never permit a Jewish majority in Palestine, and that the Jews and Arabs would have reconciled their difficulties long ago if Great Britain had not interfered, that they are believed ready to accept support from virtually any other United Nations power. Beyond this, however, the groups differ sharply in their methods.

The Stern gang is a completely secret terrorist society which takes human life. Its members hide in the large cities under various aliases. No more than two or three are ever found together. It is reported that no member is acquainted with more than nine others. They operate in such successful anonymity that even their parents are frequently unaware of their activities. Many of the Sternists have been arrested before, and many are here illegally: they have the desperation of men with nothing to lose. Perhaps 8 per cent of them are Palestinian-born; the majority are Polish Jews under thirty. The gang takes its name from Abraham Ben Mordechai Stern, an Italian-educated Polish Jew and one-time schoolteacher who had a Messianic complex, wrote lyric poetry, and was impressed by Mussolini. In 1937 Stern organized a group of activists in Poland. When the war broke out, these men became part of the Polish army. They were later among the Polish troops captured by the Russians, who released them in 1941 to make their way to Europe via Palestine. In Palestine the Sternists promptly deserted. Stern and two of his followers were killed in Tel Aviv in 1942 by the British police while attempting to escape from prison. The Sternists charge that they were deliberately murdered and since that time have carried on a perpetual vendetta against the police.

The present leader, Friedman-Yellin, is square-faced, blue-eyed, bespectacled—and one of the most elusive men in Palestine. He has been arrested half a dozen times under various aliases and has a price on his head. At one time he was editor of *Der Tat*, a Polish activist publication; today the members of his organization are pouring out a flood of propaganda calling on the Jewish youth to "revolt." Their pamphlets find their way under the doors of many innocent householders. After each outrage they publish a leaflet justifying their action. "The Assassination of Moyne," the latest of these leaflets, announces that "two of our brave fighters

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for freedom were carefully selected from volunteers for an especially dangerous mission. They successfully achieved their objective and liquidated an important and vital member of the enemy forces, Lord Moyne. Our brave raiders have been captured in the course of duty."

One understands why, despite concerted appeals to speak up, the man in the street may be reluctant. It is no healthier for the Tel Aviv merchant who has been forced under threat of bodily harm to pay an "assessment" to the terrorists to "talk" than it was for a New York merchant who paid tribute to Dutch Schultz. And if anyone knows of a Sternist hideout, it takes courage to report it. Moreover, citizens point out that in 1942, with the help of the Jewish community, fifty leading Sternists were rounded up and imprisoned but that during the last year or two twenty-five of the most important have managed to break out. There is reason to be genuinely fearful of future reprisals.

Whereas the Sternists' chief weapon is murder, the I. Z. L. tries to destroy the machinery and institutions of the government—post offices, public buildings, police stations, and the like. But if its members encounter resistance, they too shoot to kill. They protest strenuously against being called terrorists. They are the Jewish *maquis,* they insist hotly, and they want recognition as the official military Jewish underground in a country occupied by the "enemy," that is, Great Britain. They actually formally declared war against the British administration earlier this year, and their "communiqués" are couched in approved military terminology. They wear armbands and lapel insignia so that if caught placing their alarm-clock bombs they can claim they are wearing a uniform and are therefore entitled to be treated as prisoners of war. One might be inclined to laugh them off if they did not destroy property and take human life.

Menachim Begin, the I. Z. L. leader, is a thin, pale, ex-law student from the Warsaw University. He is technically still a private in the Polish army. He worked as a clerk in the office of the Polish mayor of Jerusalem until May, 1944, when he was given a year's leave of absence to carry out a special assignment. In Poland Begin was active in "Betar," the revisionist youth movement, and also in "Brith Hahayal," a revisionist body of former Jewish soldiers who trained under Polish officers. It was revealed recently that during the period 1936 to 1939 the military training of these Polish Jews included training in terrorism and sabotage.

Whether the "speak-up" campaign will be successful remains to be seen. Within the past few weeks two hundred suspected terrorists have been arrested. According to reports, most of the information leading to their arrest came from Jewish sources. At the moment the assassination of Lord Moyne has brought home to the Jewish community the fearful lengths to which the terrorists are prepared to go, and the temper of the public is rising swiftly. Moshe Shertok, chief of the political section of the Jewish Agency, has declared that "anti-British terrorism is the greatest danger ever faced by Zionism from within. It distorts our struggle and it threatens to destroy the very basis of our claim." Apart from the terrible moral issue involved, Jewish leaders ask how men who pretend to be serving the interests of the Jewish people now, when half of Europe's Jews have been massacred and Palestine offers the only hope of escape for the others can be willing deliberately to destroy that hope by undermining the confidence of the democracies in their great effort of national reconstruction. They regard it as nothing less than high treason.

In the Wind

THE Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade pass on this quotation from the magazine *Sales Management:* "Dr. John Dollard is the author of a valuable and interesting pamphlet called 'Fear in Battle,' which gives the findings of a survey made among 300 survivors of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade. While it deals only with the causes and cures of fear in battle, any alert sales-training executive will find many helpful hints on how to train new salesmen."

A REPORT FROM the Spanish frontier says many veterans of Franco's Blue Division, which was sent to Russia to help the Germans, are now in concentration camps in Spain, accused of spreading Communist propaganda.

THE FEDERAL COUNCIL of the Churches of Christ in America announces the results of its 1943 survey of church membership, the first since 1926. The number of churches has increased 7.6 per cent since the last survey, the number of Sunday schools 15.6 per cent, and the number of their students 8.3 per cent. But the largest increase—21.7 per cent—was in the number of denominations.

A LETTER to the *Catholic Worker* reports a rumor that Hollywood is making a movie about the good works of American nuns, and warns against it: "Lest we again spend our enthusiasm and our money too readily and rashly and be caught again by Hollywood, we should try to perceive the dangerous hook of naturalism which is so subtly concealed within the attractive bait of religious entertainment." The letter is signed, "A Priest Who Saw 'Going My Way.'"

THERE IS less than one public-library book per capita in the United States, according to the American Library Association. The figure for the country as a whole is .87 per capita; New Hampshire has 3.58, the highest for any state; Mississippi has .15, the lowest.

FESTUNG EUROPA: All rail connections between eastern and western Slovakia having been cut by the partisans, the Minister of Transportation announces that postal service has been discontinued for "technical reasons." . . . The neutral Swedish radio is a major source of news in Denmark. It is considered discourteous to telephone people during its broadcasts. . . . A common sight in Holland these days is a procession of German officers retreating before the Allies in anything that will roll, including automobiles drawn by horses. They are usually accompanied by a Gestapo detachment threatening to shoot anyone who laughs.

[*The prize for the best item received in November goes to F. Steegmuller of New York, who contributed the story of Dewey's choice of a hotel in the issue of November 25. This is the last of the monthly prizes. Henceforth* The Nation *will pay $1 for each item used in this column.*]

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A Tear for Jose Davilla

BY CAREY McWILLIAMS

FOR some fifteen years several thousand Mexicans from San Antonio have trekked north to work in the sugar-beet fields and orchards of Michigan. When the work is done, the long procession of rattletrap jalopies makes its way back to Texas. Mexican workers have been a great boon to Michigan agriculture; yet at the end of the season they have, on occasion, been escorted out of the state by highway patrolmen or given a gentle but firm push by welfare workers along with a meager food supply and a few dollars toward the expense of the return trip. And almost every season has produced a "Mexican incident" of some sort, as, for example, the strike of Mexican beet workers in the Blissfield area a few years ago.

One of this season's "incidents," which occurred in Hart, Michigan, promises to become as notorious as the Blissfield strike. While working with his family in the cherry orchards of Oceana County, José Davilla, nineteen years of age, got to know Maxine English. They worked together, and on one occasion Davilla escorted the girl home from the county fair. A few days later, as a prank, he took the girl's glasses away from her. Sheriff Marland H. Littiebrant heard of this affront to white womanhood and set out to look for Davilla. He found him on the main street of Hart, just across from the county courthouse, and there, without a warrant, attempted to arrest him. The two fought in the street for more than half an hour. When the sheriff had failed to subdue the boy even with the aid of an eight-inch blackjack, he shot and killed him.

The Hart affair is altogether typical. In the course of their long seasonal junket Mexicans are forever being arrested. Seldom are their offenses serious. But highway patrolmen and local law-enforcement officials are quick to arrest Mexicans and never hesitate to use force. The news in the Davilla case is that Davilla resisted arrest and that the incident provoked local protest.

For no sooner had Davilla been killed than Swift Lathers, editor of the *Mears Newz,* "the world's smallest newspaper," came out with an editorial in which he denounced the killing as "murder." With equal promptness, the sheriff swore out a complaint charging Mr. Lathers with criminal libel. But Mr. Lathers is not a man to be easily intimidated. His arrest brought forth no apologies or disclaimers or retractions; on the contrary, he proceeded to write a series of editorials not only denouncing this particular high-handed action but calling attention to the many abuses from which migrant Mexican field workers have long suffered in Michigan.

Some of these editorials merit a wider audience. "Do I stand alone facing the sullen crowd?" he asks in a recent blast. "I have stood there before. I am that way. I would rather stand up against the whole world to defend the under-dog than sit on the plush chairs of the aggressors. I know that somewhere there is a tear for José Davilla. Short days ago he worked and sang among us, felt dawn and saw sunsets glow. A few more days and his lingering countrymen will go back to the border. But that pool of blood on the sidewalk of Hart will not wash away."

When a metropolitan newspaper leads a fight against municipal corruption or launches a campaign against the Klan, it stands a good chance of increasing its circulation and even of capturing a Pulitzer prize. But when the editor of the "world's smallest newspaper" takes on the sheriff of the county, offends the *mores* of the community by defending Mexican field workers, and gets himself arrested in the process, the chances of notice or reward are rather remote—about as remote as Hart, Michigan, from New York. We hear much criticism of the rural press for its backward and reactionary tone, but we seldom hear of the rural editors who occasionally speak out for truth and justice. The editor of the *Mears Newz,* who sports a vivid green shirt and a flamboyant red necktie, deserves national recognition for his courageous stand in this case. The Detroit *Free Press,* to its credit, has assigned a special staff writer to cover the Lathers trial.

The Mexican workers have long since departed for San Antonio, carrying with them, as a rather grim reminder of Sheriff Littiebrant's notion of the Good Neighbor policy, the body of José Davilla. But at least they know that one rural editor in Michigan, at the risk of his own liberty, has spoken out in their defense.

The Angels

BY ROLFE HUMPHRIES

Angels within the plague-infected city
Confront the sickly population's gaze
With neither arrogance nor too much pity;
Continue on their ways

Untroubled by the intrigues of infection
Whose barricades are built in every square,
Whose barb-wire tangles every intersection;
They pass through these like air.

Their only armor is their own completeness:
They carry no archaic sword or shield;
Their mirth is music of compelling sweetness;
Their presence light revealed.

However black the alleys of suspicion,
However thick and pestilent the air,
They go, unscathed, unscathing, on their mission;
They heal by being there.

For they are Being's perfect revelation,
Whose very essence is Becomingness;
Intense existence, pure illumination;
They more than heal, they bless.

So, when they reach the city's edge and harbor,
And walk, across the water, out of sight,
The silence, offering music to the darkness,
Receives her gift of light.

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Leadership in Europe

NO MATTER how long the last stage of the war drags out, the political and economic problems which Europe will face, and which the United States will face in Europe, after the collapse of Hitler's Germany are already clear. If there are still Americans who find it hard to understand them, it is because Europe has undergone a very deep change, which makes it a different continent from the one that emerged from the First World War.

To begin with, the power constellations are not the same as they were in 1918. Then there were four great powers in continental Europe: two victorious—France and Italy; one defeated—the Kaiser's Germany; and a fourth—the Soviet Union. There was still room for a policy based on the classical conception of balance of power; and for a while England was able to exercise a strong influence on political events in Europe without becoming directly involved. We saw a good deal of that technique in Geneva.

In 1945 the situation will be different. At the end of this war there will be only one real world power on the Continent—the Soviet Union. True, France will have fully recovered the status of a great power; its well-deserved admission to the deliberations of the European Advisory Commission was a long step in that direction. But in comparison with Russia, France will not be a world power. Italy, at best, will be only a "medium" power. There will be, further, a defeated and occupied Germany, which at first must be counted out as a political factor. And there will be a number of smaller powers.

If England and behind England the United States intend to play a decisive role in Europe, they no longer can do so by practicing balance-of-power politics. In fact, without England a balance of power does not exist. For the first time in centuries, when European problems arise, England will be obliged to throw its own weight into the scales.

England knows that, and the last conference between Stalin and Churchill shows clearly in what direction English policy in Europe, as determined by the Tories, is tending. England wants to agree with Russia upon a European policy which would leave the Mediterranean countries—first of all Greece, and to a certain extent Yugoslavia—within its sphere of influence, while the Soviet Union would be the dominant factor in the states lying between it and Germany. Further, England would like to see its influence strengthened in France, Belgium, and Holland, according to the ideas once formulated by Field Marshal Smuts.

So far so good: Russia the deciding power in Eastern Europe, England in the West. But the division doesn't quite come out even. The basic question is not answered—what about Germany? The only point on which agreement seems to have been reached is that during the occupation Germany shall be divided into three zones, of which Russia shall occupy the east—in general, the unbombed areas—and the Anglo-Saxon powers the North Sea harbors, the west, and the south. It is not known whether any kind of common policy has been designed for the multiple problems which must arise from the occupation of so vast a country. It is just there, in the handling of these problems, that England, or the Anglo-Saxon powers together, will encounter the test of their European policy.

Some people talk of Russia as an enigma. But in one respect at least we know just what kind of policy the Soviet Union will pursue in the part of Germany it occupies, as well as in the other countries which fall under its influence. Russia will seek to harness the productive forces of these regions to its gigantic reconstruction effort, to the rebuilding of its devastated areas and the restoration of its productive capacity.

The Russians have already, in the midst of war, begun the reconstruction of their economy. Pierre Cot told in these columns of the enthusiasm with which the people tackled the rebuilding of their cities as soon as the Germans had evacuated them. The Soviet government has been the first to take the initiative; elaborate plans for the reconstruction of the country have been worked out, even while the struggle on the front continues. To realize those plans, the Russians will make use of all the industrial resources of Germany that come under their administration. Opinions may differ about Russia's political aims in Europe, but no one can seriously question its economic intentions. In the part of Germany administered by the Soviet government and in the countries along the border there will be few unemployed; factories and machines will be busy. The standard of living may not be high, but no one will have to worry about unemployment insurance. Bread and security will be provided.

People in the Anglo-Saxon countries are gradually coming to recognize that fact. In discussing, for example, the problem of German reparations, British and American writers have stressed the differences between Russia's position and that of the Western democracies. For countries operating under private capitalism, the exaction of reparations will only increase their own economic difficulties. Russia, on the contrary, with its planned economy, will be able to accept reparations in any amount, whether in the form of raw materials, machinery, or German labor. And not only will Russia be in a position to make good use of reparations, it will also benefit from full production in Germany and the border states. In the process of carrying out its program of post-war reconstruction Russia will help the states within its orbit to develop their economies and build up their industries.

What can be expected from the Anglo-Saxon countries in this respect? It would be better not to put that question to the Italians just now! And if unemployment and hunger in Italy are mounting at incredible speed, the prospect of in-

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dustrial production in France and Belgium is none too bright. For Germany there is not one plan but many. Indeed, throughout Europe, to the extent that it comes under English, or Anglo-Saxon, influence, the complete absence of planning threatens unemployment for millions.

Even observers who are not Socialists agree that Europe must move toward a Socialist economy during the coming years. Europe has been bled white by the war. It has no reserves to speak of. The rebuilding of Western and Central Europe requires a thoroughly worked-out general plan to integrate its economy and use as efficiently as possible its remaining resources. The problem is one which will doubtless be difficult for most Americans to understand, especially now, when the United States is tending in exactly the opposite direction—away from a war economy, away from bureaucracy, away from too many government controls. But America is enormously rich. If it undergoes dislocations after the war, it can change its economic policies, suffer the consequences, and gradually recoup. In Europe the situation is different. If experiments are tried there and they fail, the result will be misery, hunger, and general chaos.

Moreover, Western and Eastern Europe are no longer barred from each other. What happens in one part of Europe will have an immediate effect on the other part. Even less within occupied Germany can the regions controlled by the Russians and those occupied by the Western powers be segregated from each other as if behind a Chinese wall. The Anglo-Saxon powers must understand that a day will come when idleness and hunger resulting from their inability to apply over-all economic plans to the territories they occupy will be bitterly resented—particularly if in a neighboring area the people are working and eating.

What the Russians have to offer is clear: steady employment and, in addition, the probability that the standard of living will be raised, even if slowly. What the Anglo-Saxons should offer, in addition to these benefits, is personal freedom and democratic guaranties. If they are not in a position to offer food and employment, if the economic collapse which is a fact in Italy today also occurs in Western Europe and later in Germany, what then? Luigi Antonini, who cannot be suspected of partiality to the Communists, analyzed the Italian situation in the New York *Times* of October 5. "Emphasizing the explosive political and social potentialities of the situation, Mr. Antonini reported that the Communists, under Palmiro Togliatti, Minister without Portfolio, were pursuing a policy of waiting, knowing that unless there is a marked improvement very soon, the facts of the picture will play into their hands."

If the Anglo-Saxon powers want to exercise leadership in the economic and political reconstruction of the Continent, they must prove the worth of their policy in the regions they occupy or control. And the first thing they must keep in mind is that Europe, whether they like it or not, is definitely going left. They must stop giving support to the reactionary elements of the old order—the House of Savoy in Italy, the Kings of Greece and Yugoslavia, the cartels and monopolies in Germany. The Anglo-Saxon states must prove also that while preserving their economic systems they are capable of liquidating unemployment in their own countries, without resorting to war or rearmament.

In an article in the current issue of *Social Research* entitled The Coming Peace Crisis, Alvin Johnson writes:

> Let us bear in mind this fact: Russia too will have some twenty-five or thirty million workers to divert from war and war industry. Will Russian statesmen lie awake nights worrying about unemployment? Certainly not. The veterans from the Ukraine will come back to the fields to relieve the old men and children from the heavy toil on the land. The workers from the cities will return to find every factory reaching out for more hands. Indeed, the Russians will find themselves so hard put to man the works they project that they will try hard to postpone final peace so as to work their German slaves a year or two longer. This kind of efficiency we do not pretend to emulate. The Russians attained it at a cost we do not care to pay. But if we drop into a deep slump that holds us bogged year upon year, with millions of workers dependent upon relief checks and wearing out their moral and physical stamina day by day, how will we like the comparison? Shall we try the desperate expedient of blindfolding and ear-muffling a hundred and forty million people, in the hope of keeping them ignorant of the fact that in Russia there is no unemployment and the whole nation is working to meet the needs of the nation?

Alvin Johnson is right. If the Anglo-Saxon powers are not capable after the war of preventing mass unemployment both in their own countries and in the countries under their influence, everyone is going to ask: Why is it like this here, when things go well in the Soviet Union?

It is the same question that keeps coming up in connection with Communist activities in this and other countries. Socialists and liberals often complain that the Communists try to take advantage of any situation to extend their power. But they seldom put forward an aggressive democratic policy of their own which will draw people to *their* side. Similarly in the international field we shall soon hear all kinds of complaints, even from people not fundamentally antago-

The fact that Hitler has not been seen or heard for some weeks is causing uneasy rumours in Germany.
Gone to Lunch. Back in 10 years (maybe)
HITLER MYSTERY

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nistic to the Soviet Union, that the Russians are trying to become the dominant political factor on the Continent. The first thing to ask in that case is whether the Western democracies have tried to support their claim to leadership in Europe with anything better than the theory of free enterprise, big business as usual, a diplomacy *à la* Murphy, and Prince Humbert, Archduke Otto, and Franco.

Behind the Enemy Line

BY ARGUS

THE facts about the so-called *Volkssturm* are gradually emerging from the deluge of propaganda that accompanied its founding. It is now clear that since the creation of this people's army there are no civilians left in Germany. That is literally true. All males between sixteen and sixty are now soldiers. And not simply soldiers in theory, in conformance with a law that will only gradually be enforced, but soldiers in fact. The whole male population within the age limits set has already been inducted into the new force. The end of the civilian in the German Reich is a *fait accompli.*

First question: How was it technically possible to create at one stroke a force which must consist of millions of men? The answer is that the authorities did not wait for arms or uniforms or quarters. Members of the *Volkssturm* live in their own homes. As for their uniforms and weapons, the Berlin correspondent of the Stockholm *Dagens Nyheter* furnishes a description. He was present at the swearing in of the Berlin formation, 200,000 strong, on November 12 and reported on it as follows:

> I was impressed by the motley appearance of the *Volkssturm.* Many of the men were old, with gray mustaches and protruding stomachs. There were street-car conductors, motormen, and postmen. Dr. Heinz Brauweiler, the elegant head of the Propaganda Ministry's foreign press department, in a sport suit and Tyrolean hat, was observed in one group with a gun over his shoulder. In another was the jovial Councilor Giese, who is well known to Berlin correspondents. One company was composed entirely of Berlin *Schupos* (security police) in their gray-green uniforms. They were supplied with *Panzerfausts* (anti-tank guns). Others carried long muskets, carbines, or even double-barreled shotguns. The youngsters had hand grenades in their belts; old men lugged grenade throwers and machine-gun mounts. Some wore helmets, either the usual German type or the round Italian helmet. Others wore berets or ski caps. The majority had no uniforms or weapons, but Goebbels has promised them guns within a few weeks.

Second question: Will all these men actually be inducted? Will not an exception be made for the unfit and ill, who form the most numerous class of the remaining civilians? The answer is contained in a press interview granted by the head of the Dresden *Volkssturm*, S. S. Staff Leader Rabe, on November 5:

> No dispensations are being granted and no medical examinations are being held. The degree of fitness is irrelevant; people suffering from heart disease or physical handicaps can very well do duty as sentries, guards for bridges, and auxiliary troops. Therefore they, too, will be trained in the use of arms.

Third question: Where do the officers of these troops come from? For the most part they seem to be the poor-quality leftovers of the S. A. cadres. But we do not know exactly. The same Staff Leader Rabe said: "As for the selection of *Volkssturm* Führers, not military rank but National Socialist attitude and talent for leadership will be primarily decisive. *Volkssturm* leaders must be fanatical Germans who will fight to the very last; only those who have proved they possess such qualifications are permitted to lead others." In an article in the *Angriff* of November 12, Dr. Ley declared he was highly satisfied with the Führer personnel: "Usually the training staff is much younger than the trainees. It should not surprise anyone that this fact creates tension. It is truly surprising, however, to see how tactfully the training staff discharges its task." The conclusion to be drawn from this, as from almost all Dr. Ley's statements, is that the opposite is true.

Fourth question: What purpose does the *Volkssturm* serve? In the beginning the official thesis was that the various units would be used only locally, in the vicinity of their home towns, either for routine watches and patrols or to put down revolts of forced foreign workers—or at the front, in the event that the front approaches the home province. The *Volkssturm* troops of East Prussia are in fact in the front line there, and Saar units are stationed around Metz. But uncertainty about their use has developed since Goebbels suddenly announced on November 12, at the swearing in, that "the *Volkssturm* regiments will be thrown in wherever they are most needed." According to the Berlin correspondent of the Stockholm *Tidningen,* "this statement caused great consternation among the *Volkssturm* men"—and certainly among others too. And this brings us to the last and most important question of all.

It is: How shall industry, agriculture, transportation, administration be carried on when all the men have become soldiers? At first the answer was that members of the *Volkssturm* were only part-time soldiers. They would drill for a few hours a week but continue their regular work as before. Only when the front was close would they become full-time soldiers—and when the front is close, industry stops anyway. That was of course no satisfactory answer. Every worker in the Reich has long since spent himself to the point of physical exhaustion, and to take on the additional burden of "a few hours" of drill was simply unthinkable. The plus of military training must inevitably be paid for with a minus of regular work. Everyone saw that the *Volkssturm,* as the Swiss *Appenzeller Zeitung* expressed it, was nothing else than a "transfer of forces to a critical field from another equally critical field. It is not an addition to Germany's total war potential." Goebbels's statement confirms this. If the *Volkssturm* regiments are not to await the approach of the front in their own districts but are to be sent to any front where they are needed, the effect is simply to deprive industry, already gasping for more workers, of relatively good material in order to bolster a front panting for men with relatively poor material—with "veterans' clubs" as the people say.

However that may be, every man in Germany is now a soldier and under military law. Every breach of discipline, of whatever kind, will be mutiny. Every man who flees under bombardment will be a deserter. "The possibility of any panic or revolt," says the correspondent of the Stockholm *Tidningen,* "has become even slighter than it was before."

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BOOKS and the ARTS

ON WRITERS AND THEIR CRITICS

BY ROLFE HUMPHRIES

LECTURING at Cornell University under the aegis of the Messenger Foundation, M. Henri Peyre has devoted himself to a study, now published, of "Writers and Their Critics" (Cornell University Press, $3). What a wealth of material the topic affords! What a nice rapport is established, so quickly, between speaker and audience! How pleasant a give and take, where all can relax, chuckle, or gasp, in comfortable superiority, over the boners of the little, the near-great, and, sometimes, it must be confessed, of the very great indeed! This can go on for some time; in the present series it went on for three lectures, and even in the remaining four M. Peyre was not entirely able to shake off the habit. Still, it must be said to his credit that he does make the attempt. Beginning with his fourth lecture he endeavors to discuss the prospects for a better criticism.

Why do critics err? First of all, suggests M. Peyre, because they are human. They are therefore jealous, afraid, political, religious, pious, moral, patriotic, parochial, neurotic, and baffled. And to make their confusion worse confounded, authors, for some strange reason, seem, perversely, to insist on making themselves obscure. To this matter of obscurity in literature M. Peyre devotes his fifth lecture. He is willing to concede that some modern literature is obscure because it actually has no meaning whatsoever. But even beneath some kinds of meaninglessness meaning may lurk; some nonsense is joking, some senselessness a protest against too much logic, some outlandishness a protest against the conventional and trite. But since "the total absence of meaning is an infrequent exception in significant literary works," the critic would do well not to dismiss as obscure that which is really profound, or subtle, symbolic, or difficult. "If a work is too easy, too smoothly pleasing, too 'nice,' if it requires no vigorous adaptation from me, the chances are that it is not deeply and truly good." So, M. Peyre warns the critic, he should learn to admonish himself; and the admonition is put, even better, in a quotation from Barbey d'Aurevilly: "The passion for clarity should not go to the extent of liking empty glasses."

The search for standards, M. Peyre is convinced, is largely a futile business, summed up well by Oscar Wilde: "There are two ways of disliking art; one is to dislike it, the other is to like it rationally." M. Peyre does propose one test: critics should "force themselves to look for the one quality in a creator which is most likely to disconcert them and most likely to assure his survival . . . we would call this quality intensity." But how the baffled, the lazy, the tasteless, the frightened, are to learn to distinguish between intensity and hysteria, between passion and violence, this M. Peyre does not say. Should we, then, give up the whole business and dump it resignedly in the lap of posterity? Not so; for posterity will consist, by and large, of just such fools as we. "Just now"—M. Peyre is quoting Anatole France—"just now, on the Quai Malaquais, I am watching the posterity of Corneille and Voltaire. It walks leisurely under a cheerful April sun, a veil over its nose or a cigar in its lips, and I assure you it cares very little about Voltaire and Corneille."

Here, I think, M. Peyre dismisses the matter with somewhat too easy generalizations, and fails to offer us—meaning, now, us writers—a consolation to which we are entitled. For while it is true that posterity, in general, will be, save for its fashions, pretty much like ourselves, there will be one element in posterity on which we can count to give us more justice, to show us more interest, than our own time in general. Posterity will include, among others, men of taste; and while the incidence of these cannot reasonably be expected to be any higher than among ourselves, still posterity has a somewhat longer run than any immediate generation. And these men of taste will never be able, in the work of their own time, to find enough to satisfy their appetite; they will be compelled, therefore, to search the past. Some of them will find some of us; others others: no single one of us may draw the lucky number, but we all, at least, can go on in the possibly illusory notion that we have a chance. Who but a lackey would write for his own time only, without submitting his work, in imagination at least, to the judgment of the great in the past and the wise in the future?

In his final lecture, which looks toward a reconciliation of criticism, scholarship, and literature, M. Peyre tells us, first of all, what the critic must do. He must know the past, enjoy art, develop a strong personality yet not be confined within the walls of his ego, become mature, be humane without being either esoteric or vulgar, be honest, make judgments, be able to instruct the artist, and write well. That is all. But if a man could meet all these requirements, one must ask at this point, what the devil would he be doing in the galley of criticism anyway? Why shouldn't he go the whole hog, and be an artist himself?

Having gone along this far with M. Peyre, one begins to suspect that his use of the term "criticism" is too general and loose, that he does not recognize the fine, and the not so fine, distinctions of that near-art. The truth is that there are at least three levels to which the term may apply. The highest level in the hierarchy, the only one of substantial profit and interest to artists, is that on which criticisms are made by other practitioners of an art; occasionally found in articles and reviews, these more often appear in journals, notebooks, letters, or conversation. Below this level is that on which the good readers, the good interpreters, the good appreciators edify and stimulate those whose faculties qualify them to aspire to the same plane, no higher. And far, far below these is the circle where the critics entertain each other. Who does not know of those delightful symposia in the quarterlies where A discusses B, C discusses A's discussion of B, D treats of C's treatment of A's treatment of B, and so on, till the wheel comes full circle, or the next issue starts

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publishing the letters from the various unpaid disciples? And who, except A, B, C, D, and the said unpaid disciples, ever manages to read the stuff?

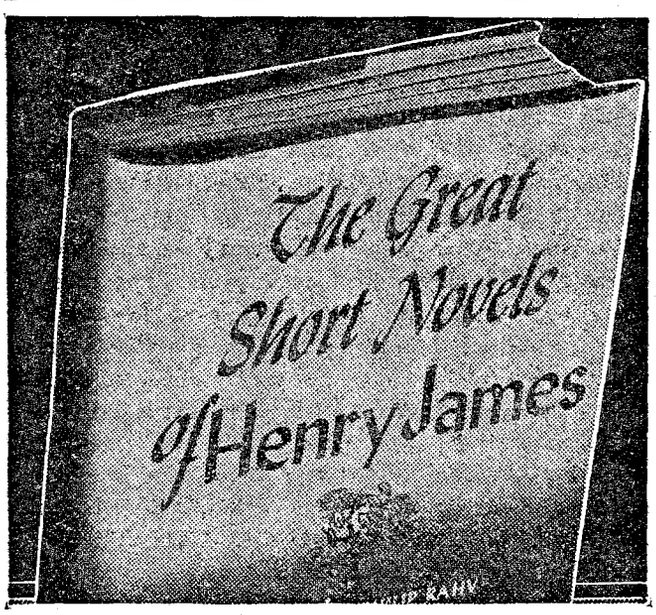
When it comes to the academics and scholars—and the lowest level of criticism (*v.* supra) comes perilously close to that level—M. Peyre's denunciations have an all too familiar ring. Even so, he appears to be rather starry-eyed about the possibilities for improvement latent in the American scheme of higher education. Perhaps it would seem rude for a lecturer on a university foundation to face more squarely the fact that the setup is middle-class in essence, middle-class through and through. If there is anything more anathema to sloganeers of "democracy" than the threat of a socialist economy, it would be the intimation of an aristocracy of art. It has been said, to the point of triteness, that colleges are not educational institutions, that they cannot, by their nature, become so; they are country clubs, hallmark stamp-mills, places where the girls go to make dates and the boys to make contacts.

Well, but there must be some among them who are bright and eager, who do really want to know. What happens to them? Into whose hands do they fall? Largely, it must be admitted, into the hands of the frustrated. Some of those who profess literature are frustrated business men. They hate letters, as so many business men do, but they know how to promote themselves, to conduct raids and forays that will enlarge the enrolment in their courses, and generally devote themselves to getting on. There are fewer of these than of frustrated writers. These break down—the phrase is used advisedly—into several categories: the scholastic or research type—who may also be frustrated scientists—who write theses on the number of commas in the "Canterbury Tales" as compared with the number of semi-colons in the "Faerie Queene." There is a type which hates all writing better than its own. And there are those, more generous and warm-hearted, who like writing better than their own, who like any and all kinds of writing, who have, as one observer puts it, "an excited reverence for culture without knowing exactly what it is." These make the best teachers: their enthusiasm is infectious, and their happy-go-lucky bumbling seems to provoke the brighter-minded into giving their own critical lenses that necessary turn of the screw to bring them into proper focus.

In our own time we have seen one experiment in the teaching of literature that might give cause for encouragement and optimism. Chairs have been established, their occupants to be not necessarily holders of advanced degrees but men and women whose primary literary interest has been their own writing. Usually, it seems, these have been poets —M. Peyre, by the way, surmises that our age may some day be defined as above all an age of poetry. Robert Frost at Amherst and Michigan was the first of these, and by now the others are almost too numerous to mention—Spencer at Harvard, Coffin at Bowdoin, Van Doren at St. John's, Auden at Swarthmore, Winters at Stanford, Holmes at Tufts, Taggard at Sarah Lawrence, Ransom at Kenyon, Roethke at Penn State and Bennington, Tate at various places, etc., etc. To the extent that this phenomenon is not mere window-dressing by smart administrators, may it not be a good thing? It is easy to see the advantages, but it might also be worth while to dwell, for a moment, on the dangers.

The danger here lies less in the risk to the student than to the teacher. It is so easy for him, himself to drift into the ranks of the frustrated, to substitute the immediate audience, in time and place, for the wider and greater one. It is so easy to create a personal following, to grow sentimental about the college, to take on the protective coloration of the middle class, to play it respectable and safe. So easy, even, if you don't watch out, to win the Pulitzer prize. And granting that all these temptations can be understood and overcome, granted that the teacher, in addition to being an artist, is a warm-hearted, generous, and sympathetic person, his very virtues can become his ruination. How much of his energy, his creative power, his surplus, may not be siphoned off, spent, dissipated in the work of doing others' creation for them, and with them—reading all those young poems, understanding what they are trying to say, showing their authors how to get them right, talking and drinking with them far into the night—till in the end, when is a man going to have time and energy to do anything of his own?

Still, writers are a hardy breed. Not even kindness, not even their own kindness, is enough to kill off the really good ones.



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BRIEFER COMMENT

Purging the Real

HERMAN MELVILLE was a man of tempestuous nature to whom writing was far more a means of self-expression than of objective creation. Figures like Ishmael, Ahab, and Pierre are clearly psychological self-portraits; and such heroines as Mrs. Glendinning, Lucy, and Isabel in "Pierre" and Hautia and Yillah in "Mardi" are, again, not objectively posed characters but projections of their author's unresolved emotional experience. For this reason it would seem impossible to deal intelligently with Melville if one adopts a critical method which deliberately isolates the psychic content of his work from its philosophical content and the personal crisis behind it from the crisis it imaginatively represents. Yet this is exactly the method employed by the late William Ellery Sedgwick in his study "Herman Melville: The Tragedy of Mind" (Harvard University Press, $2.75). The result is a solemn, high-minded, but essentially lifeless job of criticism. Sedgwick handles his subject on so ideal a plane as to make it altogether easy to reconcile glaring contradictions and to discover in Melville's career—a career full of problematical elements—a pattern of unity and basic fulfilment which no other critic has been able to discern.

Typical of Sedgwick's approach is the attempt to blur the psychosexual theme dominant in "Pierre." The chapter dealing with this book piles one ethical abstraction upon another, and the passage in which incest is first mentioned begins as follows: "The incest between Pierre and Isabel has a multiplicity of meanings. It serves to illustrate Melville's thesis about the pursuit of absolute truth and righteousness," etc., etc. Upon finishing the passage one has lost all sense of the reality of the incest motif in the novel. The all-pervading idealism of the critic's attitude deprives Melville's world of whatever real dimensions it possesses. But the critic has accomplished his purpose: the author of "Moby Dick" has at long last been brought over to the side of God and the orthodox tradition.

PHILIP RAHV

What of the Peace?

WE ARE TOLD by James Warburg that "Foreign Policy Begins at Home" (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50). It should: it seldom does. His Most Christian Majesty Francis I was the ally of the Grand Turk, Cardinal Richelieu supported the German Protestants, the Third Republic was the partner of czarist Russia, Stalin and Hitler vowed peace and amity. So if we appease Franco and are the friends of Vargas, we are in the grand tradition. Deceit *ad maiorem patriae gloriam* is ancient; and muddleheadedness is more venerable still.

Warburg is among the few "realists" who believe in clear and honest thinking. We are not waging a "war of survival": we are waging war against fascism, and we are in danger of forgetting it. Even before the downfall of Germany in 1918, our chief purpose was to avert revolution—that is, to bolster privilege—not to make the world safe for democracy:

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General Pershing, no radical, noted it at the time. The same trend exists today, and so long as it exists, there can be no genuine accord among the Big Three.

Yet the Big Three policy is all we have. It is emphatically not what we hoped for, but most of us are adopting a defeatist attitude: it may be the best we can get. Warburg pleads for self-confidence. We have the right principles, and we have undeniable power. Nothing but confusion of thought prevents us from placing our power at the service of our principles. Friends of genuine peace have lost several major battles—Teheran, Dumbarton Oaks; they have not yet lost the war.

A clear, vigorous, courageous book. Warburg strikes an unconventional path—not a compromise—between dogmatic socialism and dogmatic laissez faire. The task ahead is "harnessing runaway capitalism [a good phrase] to economic democracy at home." If this were clear in our minds, our foreign policy would be less puzzling. Perhaps Warburg tries a little too hard to link his ideas with Lippmann's; he has left Lippmann a long way behind. Perhaps also he attempted too much in presenting at the same time a thesis and a complete epitome of world affairs. Because of excessive brevity some of his statements are slightly distorted: his summary of Versailles is a caricature. He repeats the old legend that Finland alone was paying its war debt: Finland, not our ally, never had a "war debt."

With his incisive mind and his generous spirit Warburg must have had difficult moments at the OWI. "Moronic little kings" all over the world had staunch friends among our Very Best People. ALBERT GUERARD

Confederate Commando

ROBERT SELPH HENRY established his reputation as a historian with two excellent volumes: "The Story of the Confederacy" and "The Story of Reconstruction." Students of American history, as well as lovers of a good story, will rejoice that Mr. Henry has now turned to biography and has chosen one of our greatest cavalry leaders—colorful, contradictory General Forrest—as his subject (" 'First with the Most' Forrest." Bobbs-Merrill, $4).

Nathan Bedford Forrest, son of a pioneer blacksmith, was left fatherless at sixteen. He attended school no more than six months; yet his aggressiveness and keenness of mind brought him success in a variety of enterprises and a fortune of over a million dollars. At forty he enlisted in the Confederate forces as a private; at the end of the war he was a lieutenant general. Distrusted by many of his superiors because he lacked military training and had been a slave trader, he was never given a large command until the last months of the war; yet for years his campaigns have been studied in staff colleges all over the world. Generals Grant and Sherman recognized his great ability sooner than the Confederates; a British officer has suggested that Forrest's troops were the forerunner of today's Commandos and Rangers. Bold yet cautious, impetuous yet careful, profane but deeply religious, callous and sympathetic, "Old Bedford" was a legend while he yet lived. He lives and rides again in this fascinating military biography, which is as scholarly and as well written as it is interesting. RALPH ADAMS BROWN

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Empire View

BEVERLEY NICHOLS was disillusioned, after going out to India "with high hopes and ideals." And so, in "Verdict on India" (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50), he has written what might best be characterized as a magnified and more vitriolic "Mother India." Its theses are exactly what might be expected. As to minor points, windows usually stick and bugs are omnipresent. As to major points, the Congress Party is "the only 100 per cent, full-blooded, uncompromising example of undiluted fascism in the modern world"; Gandhi was anxious to turn India over to the Japanese; *Pakistan* will save the helpless Moslems from Hindu domination; for Britain to "tear up" the treaties with the princes would be "an act of perfidy"; when Britain "quits" India, the country will "be left almost completely defenseless." The volume deserves careful reading, if only to learn how an intellectual proceeds to rationalize the position of a ruling power that fears its days may be numbered. T. A. B.

Sense About Leonardo

R. LANGTON DOUGLAS'S "Leonardo da Vinci: His Life and His Pictures" (University of Chicago Press, $4) is devoted mainly to fact-finding; yet in the course of his investigations the author manages to say more sensible things about Leonardo and his art than I have yet seen elsewhere. To be sensible about Leonardo is to debunk him a bit. Universal genius he was—but also inconstant, easily bored, careless, and lacking in tenacity and thoroughness: a master of promises, not of fulfilment. His very range of interests was produced in part by his incapacity to sustain his own interest in any one project. Thus he left behind only a small number of finished paintings, and of these only two or three have resisted time, weather, and natural chemical action as they should have. Mr. Douglas ventures to say that "Leonardo, whilst he was one of the greatest of men, was not one of the greatest of painters." However, "he was an innovator, a pioneer, who helped blaze the trail that other leaders of art movements were destined to follow." The first statement is absolutely necessary to the health of art criticism. C. G.

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RALPH ADAMS BROWN is now an instructor in the Coast Guard Academy Preparatory School.

FICTION IN REVIEW

I OFTEN wonder why book criticism, of all forms of criticism, seems to be most wary of the popular and most worried lest it be thought insufficiently discriminating. I refer, of course, to "serious" book criticism. The lines of class are much more firmly established in serious book reviewing than, say, in serious theater criticism. Whereas the drama critic is allowed to write with as much interest of a "Voice of the Turtle" as of a new production of "Hamlet," a similar catholicity on the part of the book critic would soon put him in danger of losing caste. One result is that the serious reviewer of books, especially of fiction, constantly concerns himself with work that calls itself important but is often only pretentious, sacrificing to it the modest efforts that have their own validity. A further result is that the pretentious writer comes to feel that he has only to pamper his stylistic or thematic solemnities to achieve literary stature, while the more modest writer, rejected out of hand by the intellectual world, is encouraged to out-and-out commercialism.

This snobbery affects me too, I know; readers of this department may recall that, in one instance, the fact that a very interesting book was a Literary Guild selection kept me from reading it for three months. But nevertheless, glancing over my reviews, I find that I am much more apt to respond with warmth to novels of no very marked ambition than to novels which deal inadequately with large or demanding materials. This is not because I have any prejudice in favor of the consciously modest; obviously, I would much prefer the grand experience of the truly big to the minor satisfactions of the small job well done. But it must be *truly* big, and I find no necessary correlation between the desire to create an impressive literary work and anything approaching accomplishment. Indeed, quite the contrary: in current fiction there seems to be a frequent correlation between big ideas and muddleheadedness, and between modesty and a certain satisfactoriness.

Among the books I read this week, for instance, there was a novel, "Behold Trouble," by Granville Hicks (Macmillan, $2.75), a writer of defined intellectual position, and a novel called "Where Helen Lies," by Margaret Lane (Duell, Sloan, and Pearce, $2.50), of whom I never heard before. The theme of Mr. Hicks's novel is the psychology of a conscientious objector; the theme of Miss Lane's book is a not very important marriage crisis—and I suppose, then, that I ought properly to recommend Mr. Hicks's more significant effort to your notice before Miss Lane's simple domestic narrative. But the truth is that Miss Lane's book not only more successfully accomplished what it set out to do but gave me much more pleasure. Nor is my point especially invidious to Mr. Hicks: I admit a similar preference as between Miss Lane's book and the volume of stories "Crab Apple Jelly," by Frank O'Connor (Knopf, $2.50), described as the Irish Chekhov, or again as between Miss Lane's book and the collection of short pieces "Dear Baby," by William Saroyan (Harcourt, Brace, $2.).

I was very much confused by Mr. Hicks's "Behold Trouble"; perhaps the reason will be suggested by a quick synopsis. It is the story of a conscientious objector whose

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draft board has decided he must go to a work camp. But almost at the same moment that Mr. Hicks's Pierre Mason learns of this decision, the rumor reaches him that an FBI man is in his rural neighborhood. Sure that this is a sign that the government agents are after him, Pierre goes haywire, notifies the local paper that they can come and get him, arms himself, and prepares to shoot it out. After firing, in his panic, on an innocent girl of the district, Pierre takes to the woods, where eventually, and after involving—with some disaster—the whole community, he is himself killed. The story is patently strange, I think, and I am bewildered to know what Mr. Hicks was meaning to say with it. Except as a study in insanity, Pierre is incomprehensible; yet there is reason to doubt that Mr. Hicks considers him entirely insane; and certainly he is not saying that all conscientious objectors are insane. On the other hand, if—as one gathers—the purpose of "Behold Trouble" is to suggest that human impulses are compounded of many conflicting elements and that pacifism hides its own unconscious aggression, Mr. Hicks has scarcely done artistic, psychological, or political justice to this valid observation. Several of the minor characters of "Behold Trouble" are cogent and attractive, and altogether the novel has a high degree of rural versimilitude. But these achievements do not compensate for a basic fuzziness of intention.

The Gaelic idiom works its magic on all of us. There is an Irish lilt to the dialogue and an Irish color to the scenery of Frank O'Connor's stories, even at their most melancholy, which, because it gives them a dimension of the strange, also acts to give them literary dimension. But emptied of local color, the stories in "Crab Apple Jelly" don't at all carry, for me, the weight that others have felt in them. I find them sweetly sad, sadly suggestive, or even a touch frightening at moments, but never more than in the way of the skilfully rendered pastiche.

One of the pieces in William Saroyan's "Dear Baby," The Hummingbird that Lived Through Winter, contains the following sentence: "The mature hummingbird itself is so small that the egg must be magnificent, probably one of the most smiling little things in the world." Just as the first half of this sentence illustrates the best of Saroyan, a truly poetical simplicity of spirit, so the second half seems to me to illustrate the worst of him, the self-conscious goodness which must be so much of his success. For these are frightening and pious days, in which the more we recognize evil the more we wish to be assured that virtue is at least as original as sin. And Saroyan goes the step farther than the simple reminiscers of childhood: he arrests the mature world at the child level—a comforting act of fantasy but a debilitating one.

I guess that Margaret Lane is an Englishwoman, not only because of the English-Irish setting of her "Where Helen Lies," but because in my reading the English seem to have a corner on these simple, civilized little books that, while they may never provoke to thought, never insult the intelligence. Miss Lane's novel is the account of a seemingly happily married man who suddenly decides to return to an earlier love; its story is clearly slight. But the idea that started Miss Lane's book is rather beside the point of a novel whose merit is a matter of quiet literacy and of a retiring but never-failing good sense.

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Drama

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

"SADIE THOMPSON" (Alvin Theater) is a "musical play" made from the play which was made from the story by Somerset Maugham. There was also, I believe, a movie version somewhere along the line; so by now there should be few people not familiar with the tale of the Reverend Davidson and his unsuccessful struggle with sin in Pago Pago. Once more—this time to music—he meets the girl in the red dress, temporarily saves her soul, and then, so he fears, loses his own. In this latest version irony is sacrificed to the happy end, for Sadie is going off to Australia with a virtuous marine, but otherwise both the story and its moral are much the same as they were.

A good deal of time has passed since "Rain" first made theatrical history, and a good deal has happened since then. For one thing, the legend of the island paradise has been debunked by one school of writers and so monotonously exploited by another that loin cloths and beachcombers have become comic clichés even in Hollywood. For another, the story of the good bad girl and the bad good man have become so completely the stereotype it was already beginning to be when Maugham first wrote his version that only a very courageous man would today dare write either a novel or a play in which any prostitute who happened to be around was not, as every member of his audience would expect her to be, morally superior to any clergyman who found himself on the same stage with her. An epigram, so an acquaintance of mine once remarked, is a platitude in the making, and that goes for all paradoxes, whether they be phrases or dramatic situations.

Yet despite all this, the interesting fact remains that Sadie's story is still a good story and that as told in an operatic version it still holds the attention, still arouses the simple emotions it was intended to arouse. The essence of drama, they say, is conflict. The most dramatic of all conflicts is, they say further, a moral conflict. And no moral conflict, I suppose, is sharper or stronger than that between the call of the flesh and the puritan sense of sin. The fact that the morality of "Rain" is, or was, unorthodox does not change the fact that it is essentially a fable for moralists—which is the reason why it is so much stronger than Anatole France's version of the same story in "Thaïs."

When one has said that much, one has, I am afraid, said the most favorable thing to be said about "Sadie Thompson." It is lavish and colorful and full of movement. There is a large *corps de ballet,* which does symbolic dances in what has recently become the fashion in shows of this kind. June Havoc—who hasn't much voice—acts Sadie with conviction, and Lansing Hatfield does very well by the Reverend Davidson, both vocally and dramatically. Moreover, Rouben Mamoulian has staged the whole thing in a characteristically bustling manner, even though he is not at his most inventive. But somehow the thing refuses to become an integrated whole, to achieve any very consistent style; and what one gets, for the most part, is a play more or less pleasantly interrupted from time to time by songs or dances. Sadie, to be sure, undergoes her conversion off stage while the dancers dance it out, and the Reverend Davidson is tempted by a similar allegorical ballet. Indeed, these two episodes are probably the most effective things now in the musical version. But for the most part little seems to be added by songs which are very much what you might expect from such titles as "When You Live on an Island" and "Life's a Funny Present." One trouble is, no doubt, that neither the music nor the lyrics have much character. Nevertheless, I suspect that they would have to be not only a good deal better than they are but also a good deal better than anything which most contemporary lyricists or composers are capable of turning out if they could be expected to add much to the effectiveness of a play that stands as sturdily on its own feet as this one does. Anything short of a real musical interpretation is bound to seem little more than an irrelevance, and that, I think, is what the music usually seems here. It is not often that one has occasion to complain that the book of a musical show is too good, but this one is. "Sadie Thompson" is not a bad evening in the theater. It will probably enjoy considerable success. But the book carries it.

Films

JAMES AGEE

"NONE BUT THE LONELY HEART," a story about the education of a young man in London's pre-war slums, is an unusually sincere, almost-good film and was made under unusually unexpected auspices. Its star, Cary Grant, asked that it be made, and plays its far from Cary Grantish hero so attentively and sympathetically that I all but overlooked the fact that he is not well constituted for the role. Its most notable player, Ethel Barrymore, seemed miscast too, but I was so soft as to be far more than satisfied by her beauty and authority. Its director, Clifford Odets, who also turned Richard Llewellyn's novel into the screen play, is still liable to write—or preserve from the book—excessive lines like "dreaming the better man"; he suggests his stage background as well as his talent by packaging his bits too neatly; and his feeling for light, shade, sound, perspective, and business is too luscious for my taste. But I believe that even if he doesn't get rid of such faults he will become a good director. I base my confidence in him chiefly on the genuine things about his faith in and love for people, which are as urgent and evident here as his sentimentalities; on two very pretty moments in the film, one of two drunken men playing with their echoes under an arch, the other of two little girls all but suffocated by their shy adoration of the hero; and on the curiously rich, pitiful, fascinating person,

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blended of Cockney and the Bronx, whom he makes of a London girl, with the sensitive help of June Duprez. I suppose I should be equally impressed by the fact that the picture all but comes right out and says that it is a bad world which can permit poor people to be poor; but I was impressed rather because Odets was more interested in filling his people with life and grace than in explaining them, arguing over them, or using them as boxing-gloves.

While big-timers with big money were creditably risking it on "None but the Lonely Heart," small-timers with small money, in the same studio, were squeezing it into "Mademoiselle Fifi," which is quite skilfully combined with "Boule de Suif." I could not wish Producer Val Lewton and Director Robert Wise and their associates much more money to work with, because it seems to me that a small budget has on the whole sharpened their resourcefulness and the general quality of all the films Lewton supervises. But I certainly could wish them more money in terms of more time to get things done as they want them.

Too much of "Fifi" is clearly just the best that could be half-translated from a well-edged script in a pathetic race against schedule; and now and then its poverty results in makeshift of a rather stagy, or even musty, sort rather than in bringing out the bones in its face. It seems possible, too, that some of the picture's inadequacies are inadequacies of depth and keenness of talent rather than of time and money; none of its characters, from the script on out, ever fully identify themselves as characters on a screen rather than in print or on a stage. Yet it has many good and near-good moments, as pure movie; and I don't know of any American film which has tried to say as much, as pointedly, about the performance of the middle class in war. There is a gallant, fervent quality about the whole picture, faults and all, which gives it a peculiar kind of life and likableness, and which signifies that there is one group of men working in Hollywood who have neither lost nor taken care to conceal the purity of their hope and intention.

"30 Seconds over Tokyo" is in some respects the pleasantest of current surprises: a big-studio, big-scale film, free of artistic pretension, it is transformed by its not very imaginative but very dogged sincerity into something forceful, simple, and thoroughly sympathetic in spite of all its big-studio, big-scale habits. Its characters are hardest to take when they are most intimately in character, though even then they are played with a straightforwardness you don't normally expect of marquee names. The flying sequences, especially one long fluid stretch of low flight from the carrier's deck to Tokyo, backgrounded as in Dovschenko's great "Frontier" only by the calmly sublime roar of engines, are really well made, powerful, and exciting. The Chinese, nearly all of them amateur, are the best thing in the picture and the best Chinese in any American picture: I can only hope they make a great many people in Hollywood aware of the tremendous advantages of using non-actors in films, which are quite as great as those of "getting outdoors," even for interiors, as against the careful reconstruction of all outdoors inside a studio. There are also some shots facing, even emphasizing, the ugliness, humiliation, and pity of losing a leg, which are precisely the honest sort one had learned never to expect in American war films.

Music

B. H. HAGGIN

ALEXANDER SCHNEIDER, whose playing when he was second violinist of the Budapest Quartet commanded attention and admiration whenever it could be heard, is now giving public performances of sonatas of Bach and Mozart with the harpsichordist Ralph Kirkpatrick, and trios with the pianist Erich-Itar Kahn and the cellist Benar Heifetz as the Albeneri Trio. For the ears of some musicians I respect the violin and piano do not go well together; for me they go together fine, and it is the smooth, sustained tone of the violin and the brittle, percussive sound of the harpsichord that are incompatible. Or perhaps it is only the sound of the violin and the harsh clatter produced by Kirkpatrick; and perhaps the Menuhin-Landowska concert will affect me differently. Moreover, the two sounds may be correctly balanced in a room; but in a concert hall—even as small a hall as the Y. M. H. A. auditorium, where I heard the second of the Schneider-Kirkpatrick series—the violin in legato passages blanketed the harpsichord, as I don't think it would have done the piano. Schneider's playing of Bach—particularly his sustained inflection of the long phrases of the slow movements—was superb; his playing of Mozart lacked the finesse and grace the music calls for even when it is not marked with the direction *Allegretto grazioso* that Schneider did not obey.

Those qualities were, however, present in the Albeneri Trio's performance of Ravel's Trio in A minor, together with everything that makes superlative ensemble playing. The pianist's tone, even in fortissimo, was pallid; and I hope this represented an adaptation to Ravel's music, rather than a French style of piano-playing that will produce the same tone in Beethoven. The strings were perfection; and Schneider's own playing delighted one with its rhythmic liveness and subtlety and its distinction of style. He is an outstanding violinist and musician who chooses to devote his talents to chamber music, and who has created a first-rate group in his trio. It seems inevitable that he should eventually go on to create a quartet; and if he does the likelihood is that we will have at last what we have long needed—another quartet of the caliber of the Budapest.

I heard the trio at a concert of the New Friends of Music. In dealing with German music, until now, this organization has devoted each of its series to an exhaustive presentation of the chamber music of one or two or three composers. Its way of dealing with French music, for the first time this season, is not to do the same complete job with Debussy, or with Debussy and Fauré,

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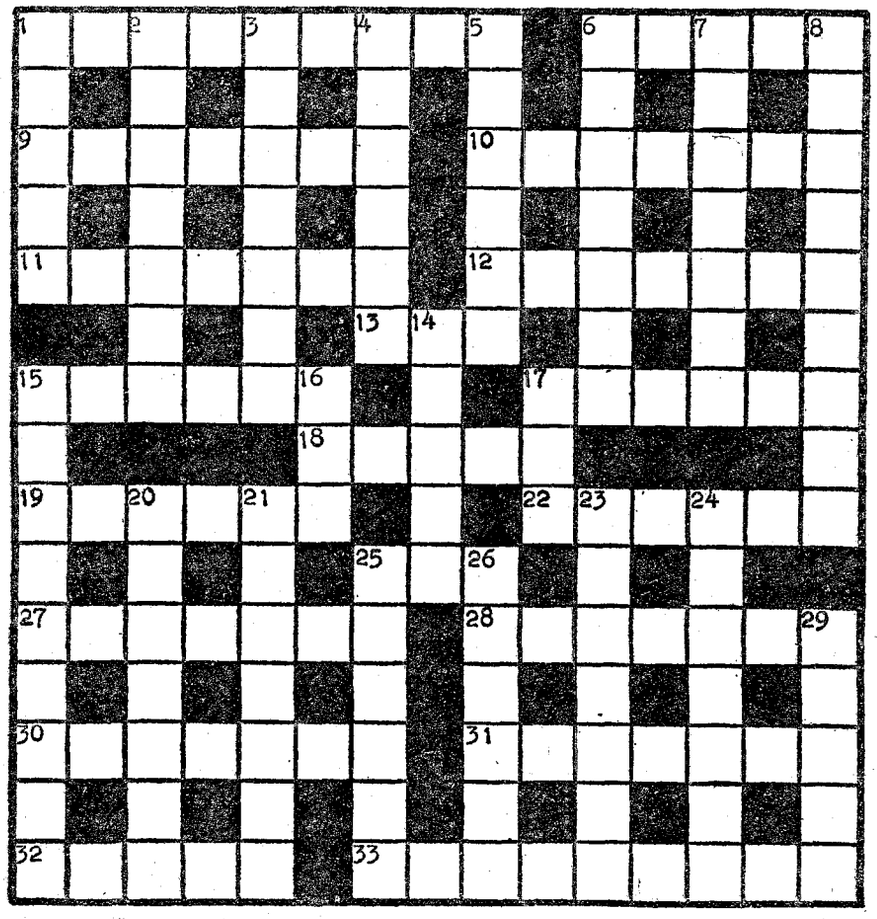
Cross-Word Puzzle No. 92 By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

1 For him it is not the race that counts, but the country
6 China's resounding fall
9 Suitable surname for a pedler
10 Cave wherein dwelt the exiled David
11 Might produce a U. S. purge
12 Its midnight consumption was a burning question in grandfather's day (two words, 4 and 3)
13 Puts an end to healthy and wealthy alike
15 Effect of the music on people in musical chairs is to - - - - - -
17 Catch a parent
18 Dane of the Charlemagne period who evidently had an eye for the girls
19 Usually preferred to "death," where a distinguished person is concerned
22 Might be a horse, but not a sea-horse
25 Letter which most male creatures lack
27 Living in a fox-hole is no hardship for him!
28 Bar
30 Mark Twain said it was a waste of time shooting a man in the lungs in this state: they healed up in no time
31 Put a hundred on a cert and you'll get harmony!
32 Do women do this to please themselves, or to annoy other women?
33 If he's entering the bank he's all right for today; if he's leaving it he's all right for tomorrow

DOWN

1 Wrapped up in a terrific hustle
2 Goes by
3 Cambrai as formerly part of Great Britain
4 You will spot this old dance in a minute
5 What Clancy named his goat, because it was all butt
6 Member of the Savage?
7 Number of aces Mr. Blackwood feels a bridge-player should hold to bid "Five No-trumps" (two words, 3 and 4)
8 Even cook could hardly be proud of it (two words, 6 and 3)
14 Far off ones are always green
15 Deceitful in the concealment of small matters, perhaps
16 A small member
17 End of an opera seen in camera
20 The gay part of life, though it starts a bit doubtfully
21 English poem, by Thomson, much read by foreigners. Interested in the weather, no doubt
23 If you ever fight a duel, you'll need two—one to get ready in, and the other to carry you out!
24 Well blessed with this world's goods
25 One of several English kings with a drawback
26 Correct nautical headgear in Shakespeare's day (hyphen, 3-3)
29 Competitors have to

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 91

ACROSS:—1 VIRGINIA; 5 FIDDLE; 10 RAPALLO; 11 MUFFLER; 12 OCEAN'S; 14 STARLIKE; 16 TWICERS; 17 DELHI; 18 EDIT; 20 EMERSON; 22 ARIA; 24 ROBIN; 26 HEARTEN; 29 SEA-BIRDS; 30 RESIDE; 32 ARIADNE; 33 OVERACT; 34 FUSING; 35 SLATTERN.

DOWN:—1 VERNON; 2 REPLETE; 3 IOLANTHE; 4 IRON; 6 INFERS; 7 DALLIED; 8 EARNESTS; 9 SMOTE; 13 SWIMMER; 14 SCORERS; 15 ARMORER; 19 FALSTAFF; 21 NON-ELECT; 23 ITALICS; 25 IMITATE; 26 HIDDEN; 27 ADLER; 28 BEETON; 31 SOUL.

as with Mozart, but to offer "a comprehensive survey of the chamber and vocal works of the great French composers, from Rameau to Ravel," which will "make evident both their musical diversity and their cultural unity." For the equivalent imagine a "comprehensive survey" of German chamber music which offered a smattering of works by Bach, Handel, Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, and Brahms to demonstrate "their musical diversity and their cultural unity," and in which Beethoven's entire output from Opus 18 to Opus 135 was represented by one of the Opus 59 quartets. Having decided to include a large number of composers the New Friends could not give adequate representation to any of them; and it made this even worse by choosing the works with its usual lack of judgment. Fauré, who lived to the age of 79, wrote music that extended even beyond his Piano Trio Opus 120; and it is in the later period of his creative activity that he developed the characteristics which gave him his influence on modern French composers; yet his entire output of chamber music is represented on the New Friends programs by only one work, and this one not a late work like that Trio or the Piano Quintet Opus 89, but the early Piano Quartet Opus 45. All three of Debussy's late Sonatas are included, but only one of the song cycles—"Fêtes galantes"; it would be better to omit the frequently played String Quartet (to say nothing of the boring Rameau cantata) and include "Proses lyriques" and "Chansons de Bilitis"; and if unfamiliar late piano music is to be included then the Etudes have more significance than "En blanc et noir." Ravel's Quartet also is played so much that it might well be omitted in favor of the Duo for cello and piano.

Only one other recital remains to be reported on—Marian Anderson's. It is a pleasure to hear the results of the recently acquired ease with which she now produces her tones, in the beauty they now have throughout their range. In the delicate inflection of Schubert's songs she is handicapped by the single, distinctive, unchanging timbre of the voice; and her most impressive singing is done in music—dramatic arias, Negro spirituals—in which she can intensify the vocal line with emotion. But the Schubert songs offer the piano contexts that Franz Rupp creates around the vocal parts with his extraordinary musical intelligence and sensitive mastery of his instrument.

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